

Cipher's Reign

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Summary: When Stanford Pines makes the deal with Bill Cipher to let him into his mind and get the formula to spread Weirdmageddon the world goes to hell and Ford is now a personal puppet to Bill. Now Stanley has Dipper and Mabel and are trying to get Ford back, but the problem is Bill wants them to because he wants Pine Tree to be his next puppet!

## 1. Chapter 1: The Spread of Weirdmageddon

\*\*Chapter 1: The Spread of Weirdmageddon\*\*

Once Bill Cipher shook Stanford Pines' hand, everything was over.

Bill entered his mind and took the formula needed to break through the barrier that contained all the weirdness of Weirdmageddon. When he got what he needed he stood up while still in Ford's body, at this point possessing him.

"Well, that was interesting! Now I can finally take my reign global!" the voice coming out of Ford Pines' mouth wasn't his own, but Bill's shrill tone. "As I had made a deal with Fordsy here, I'll let the rest of you Pines liveâ€|" The eyes that were Ford's were no longer his, but a yellow in color with a snakelike slit of a pupil. Now his eyes turned black with a yellow pupil. "Now, I suggest you leave before I change my mind!" Bill's voice echoed throughout the room as the building that was a giant pyramid started shaking, debris falling from overhead.

"Butâ€| Great Uncle Ford!" Dipper cried out, just barely dodging a huge chunk of rock.

Stan couldn't believe itâ€| right until the end he argued with his twin brother. Right until the end Ford was being stubborn. And nowâ€| The End is happening.

"C'mon kids!" Stan shouted as he grabbed for both Mabel and Dipper's arms. "We... we need to go!" he started running, the kids running with him.

"But everything we did!" Mabel was saying through her tears. "We did all of that to get Grunkle Ford and we're leaving him!"

"She's right, Grunkle Stan!" we need to get Great Uncle Fo- Dipper went to chip in but Stan cut him off with a furious tone as he suddenly stopped to face them.

"NO!" his scream was filled with anger, both the children jumped. "Ford made his choice! He said this was the only way to keep you kids safe! And I am going to make sure his sacrifice will not be in vain!" He kneeled down and put his left hand on Dipper's right shoulder and his right hand on Mabel's left shoulder. "You two are my only family left that I love and care about! I will protect you! I will get us through this somehow!" Ford wanted you two safe and I will make damn sure I do!"

Both Dipper and Mabel gave their great uncle wide brown eyes, brimmed with tears. They both gave Stan a hug, and their uncle returned it wholeheartedly.

The pyramid shook violently again as Bill laughed manically. "I won! I have finally won! Ahahaha!" His laugh was high and shrill, and with each minute the shakes grew stronger and stronger.

Stan had led the kids out and they were now running though the wasteland that was once Gravity Falls. He glanced up at the sky as they ran, seeing the pyramid rise. The sky flashed like lightning, a thunderous clap followed. The pyramid broke through the barrier, the sky seemingly shattered in a ripple of a rainbow of colors. Bill's cackle filled the air itself as the pyramid grew smaller as it was going into the distance.

"Hurry kids, we need to get to the Shack!" Stan cried out. With a nod the children followed him to wear the Shack had fallen during its battle with Bill.

They entered the Shack through the front door, but everything was sideways. Whatever pictures were on the wall were now fallen and laying on the opposite wall that was now the floor. Cracks crawled over everything! splitting the wooden doorframes and walls. The Mystery Shack was no more! it was officially dead.

"Kids! I want you to pack whatever stuff you absolutely need!" Stan ordered. "I'm talking clothes, food, medicine, and toiletries!" He glances around, thinking what he needs to take himself. "Even! pictures. Whatever pictures you can find and you guys like! take it with you." He then walks away toward where his room was.

Stan opened the door where it opened to its side. He crawls in and sees everything was tipped and broken. The first thing he did was find a large suitcase and set it on the ground. Stan then found his pictures askew everywhere. There was a picture of himself and the twins at the lake fishing! then he found the picture of just the twins. He packed those immediately, a sad smile on his face. Will

they ever have this kind of happiness again?

After packing the pictures Stan began putting clothes in the suitcase. It felt like he was running away again to start a new life. He had done that too many times to count. As he dug through the remains of his closet he found a small shoebox that he had forgotten he had put there. He opens it and see the pictures of himself and Ford as children, around Mabel and Dipper's age, standing in the boat they had found and were trying to rebuild, the Stan-o War. He puts that with his suitcase too.

He then gets a separate suitcase and goes to his safe. There he had his ten guns he owned that he had mentioned to Mabel he had. Over the years with the oddities of Gravity Falls Stan had bought and gathered guns, which was hard to do with his criminal record. He owned a few pistols, a few hunting rifles, a flare gun, and a couple of magnums. He had a lot of ammo as well as whenever he saw a decent price on them he just bought them and stocked up.

Stan had actually hoped that he would never have hold a gun in his hand to pull the trigger. Now with these demons running around thanks to Bill Cipher, Stan had to use them. He needed to protect the kids, and he most likely will have to teach them how to use them.

It's all for self-defense, Stanley. He thought to himself. He had no idea what he would do if those children got killed on his watch. He'd probably take one of the guns and shoot himself in the head if it had come to that.

He exits the room, the twins were waiting for him each having two suitcases, Mabel's pet pig Waddles sitting next to them. He gestures to them it was time to go and they all leave the Shack for the last time.

The walk to where the Shack used to be before turning it into a giant fighting robot seemed long and slow. Once they were there Stan's heart dropped seeing the giant hole in the ground where his home and business was for the past 30 years.

It seemed that it was the thing that finally made it sink in for Stanâ€!

Everything was over.

Stan found the RV that he took with the kids to prank the other Oregon tourist traps and piled them all on. He had the keys in his suit jacket and started the RV with ease. With his heart heavy, he said a mental goodbye to his home and began to drive away.

Weirdmageddon was spreadingâ€ and the first stop Stan was making was to Piedmont, California to pick up the kids' parents.

He floored on the gas, passing the sign that read, "Now Leaving Gravity Falls! Come Visit Again Soon!"

## 2. Chapter 2: When Time Flies

\*\*Chapter 2: When Time Flies\*\*

A year and a half had passed since that day, and every night Stan had nightmares about it.

The nightmares always include the family and Bill Cipher. Bill had taken over Ford's body and in these nightmares Bill would use the body of Ford to kill the rest of the Pines. Once it was Dipper being killed. Another night was Mabel. Sometimes both were killed, or it was just Stan.

Stan shook his head from the seat he laid on, his back sore. He didn't sleep on a bed, the twins shared the bed in the tiny bedroom that was in the RV. He gets up with a grunt and opens the curtain of the window, the light streaming in despite it being dim making his eyes squint. The sky was a mixture of orange and brown, the clouds looking a heavy black. Looked like a typical Armageddon sky you see in the movies. Stan shuts the curtain.

He walks into the tiny room and sees both Mabel and Dipper sleeping on the bed, Waddles at their feet. In their sleep they held tightly to each other's hand, refusing to let go. They were covered by a thick knitted blanket that Mabel had made, both wearing thick sweaters as it was cold inside the RV. Even Waddles was wearing a sweater.

That was the first thing Stan did as they had drove to California when they left Gravity Fallsâ€| he went to the nearest craft store and had Mabel and Dipper grab every bit of yarn, fabric, needles and thread that they could all carry. The craft store was empty of course, no one went to those during the apocalypse, everyone always goes for food and weapons. As soon as they were safe in the RV that Stan had been guarding they had continued to Piedmont while Mabel began knitting blankets, sweaters, hats, scarves, and mittens.

Stan even had stopped by a bookstore for Dipper. Dipper grabbed whatever books he wanted, including many blank journals to document their travels. The books Dipper grabbed were all history and science, a few math, and a couple of mystery novels. You'd think by this point the kid would be sick of mysteryâ€| Even Mabel grabbed some books for herself. Dipper had asked if Stan wanted anything, but Stan had shaken his no. Soon they were back to traveling.

Howeverâ€|

When they had entered Piedmont, California it was set ablaze and people were crashing cars trying to escape the demons that had been flooding the streets. Stan had maneuvered the best he could, following Dipper's instructions on how to get the twins' home. Once they were there the twins had jumped out, tears in their eyes.

Minutes had passed. Then another few minutes. It was probably an hour before Stan had gotten out and walked inside, now worried. He had wished that day he had went inside firstâ€|

Both Mabel and Dipper were holding each other on the ground, both sobbing into each other's shoulders. On the floor crumpled before them was their parents' lifeless bodies, crushed by beds that had fallen through the ceiling. Stan hadn't seen them in yearsâ€| before the twins were even born, it was at a family function Shermey had

invited him to. Stan had stood there, tears in his eyes as he had watched the twins sob.

After another half hour to 45 minutes the twins had slowly got up, holding each other's hands. Stan without a moment's hesitation went and had given them a hug, and they cried into his shoulders.

"I'm sorry, kiddos!" Stan had hoarsely whispered. "I should've drove faster or maybe I shouldn't have stopped anywhere we could've went to those stores after we got them!"

Dipper had sniffed. "It's not your fault, Grunkle Stan." His voice had been raw sounding. "It's Bill's! he caused all of this!"

Mabel had then taken a shaky breath, "Mom! dad! they're gone! why?"

After another hour or so Dipper had gone through his and Mabel's childhood home and gathered whatever pictures of their parents and them he could find. He had packed whatever food he saw and had set the items by Stan, who had been still holding Mabel as she cried. Dipper then grabbed blankets and had slowly put them over Mr. and Mrs. Pines, tears streaming down his face.

Stan at that point had picked up Mabel and took her back to the RV, Dipper following close behind. Once Stan had gotten the kids settled he went back inside the house and found a shovel in the garage. He had went into their backyard and dug at the ground by a large pine tree. Slowly, he had gently dragged the body of his nephew and niece-in-law into the makeshift graves. He had gotten a piece of plywood and wrote with permanent marker their names and how they would be deeply missed and they were loving parents. They had needed a proper burial, he couldn't just leave them under the rubble.

Stan had then traveled to more craft stores to get more yarn for Mabel, who had been mindlessly knitting since being inside the RV, trying to keep herself distracted. He was trying to travel as east as he could, hoping to find anything useful.

Now that year and half passed the twins were 14 and a half years old. Dipper had grown noticeably taller, he was taller than his sister, and he was losing the baby fat from his face. Mabel's baby face was slowly thinning out, becoming a young woman, and she had cut her brown hair to shoulder length to keep it more manageable, but her pinks still had the circles of pink.

"Grunkle Stan!?" he heard his niece whisper. "Is something wrong?" she was sitting up, rubbing her eyes.

Stan didn't realize he was just watching the kids sleep. He shook his head gently, "Nothing's wrong, Pumpkin, I'm sorry I woke you!" he whispered, trying not to wake his nephew.

Mabel stares at him with warm brown eyes. "I miss them!" she tearfully said. "I miss Mom and Dad! I miss Grunkle Ford! I miss Soos and Wendy!"

Dipper at this point woke up, his brown hair a mess as usual, and he gave his sister a hug. "I miss them all too!" he told her.

Stan gives his great niece and nephew a sad smile. "I'll go make some breakfast and we will hit the road, okay?" The twins nod and Stan left.

Stan himself was wearing a sweater made by Mabel, a dark maroon in color, the same as his fez. In the center in a golden yellow was his trademark symbolâ€| the same symbol that was on that wheel Ford drew on the floor in the pyramid.

As Stan cooked eggs on the rusty stove he gives an angry look.

\_If only I swallowed my damn pride and just held his hand!\_ Stan thought to himself furiously. \_Ford would still be here, the world would not have gone to hell, and the twinsâ€| the twins would still have their parentsâ€|\_

Dipper and Mabel entered the kitchen part of the RV where Stan was. Dipper wearing his traditional pine tree hat and was wearing a sweater that was the same colors has his hat with a pine tree in the middle. Mabel wore a blue sweater had her shooting star symbol on it, even though she has a red-purplish one with the symbol on it she had made more.

The twins sat at the small table where plates were waiting for them. They stared at their uncle wondering why he was looking so angry. After another minute the twins received their breakfast.

As they ate Stan went to the radio and was tuning in, hearing for any distress signals for a safe place to go. However, what he heard wasn't what he had in mindâ€|

\_ "\_\_Greetings meat bags that is called Human Race!"\_ The shrill voice of Bill Cipher blared through the radio, making the twins look up from their breakfast. \_"I am here to tell you that I am looking for a certain familyâ€| the Pines family to be precise. I am looking for a man that looks similar to my human ambassador-\_ Ford. \_"And two children accompanying himâ€| one wearing a pine tree hat and the other wearing some ridiculous sweater-\_

"My sweaters are not ridiculous!" Mabel shouted with anger.

\_ "\_\_Because I have a little deal for themâ€| one that could get their precious family member back." \_A snicker from Bill cackles through the speaker. \_"So, Stanley Pinesâ€| if you're listeningâ€| how much do you want your twin brother back?"\_

Static broke through the radio, leaving Stan looking at it speechless.

### 3. Chapter 3: The Other Pines

\*\*Chapter 3: The Other Pines\*\*

As the yellow triangular demon shut off the radio signal that broadcasted his message, Ford sat at the foot of the throne that was made of the human inhabitants of the world, faces scrunched up in eternal pain and torture.

Stanford Pines was wearing a thick metal collar around his neck, a chain leading to the throne. The clothing he was wearing was a long yellow coat with tails, a white dress shirt with a black bow tie, black dress pants, black dress shoes, black satin gloves, and a tall top hat; he looked the part of being Bill's puppet. His hair was brushed back for a slick look, the light gray streak at the side of his hair showing. The stress lines around his eyes seemed to be deeper and his 5 o'clock shadow was practically as thick as his brother's was. His brown eyes were hardened with anger, dark circles under them. It looked like he aged quite a bit in just a year and a half.

"You're a fool if you think my brother would ever make a deal with you, Cipher!" Ford shouted in anger. "Stanley may not be a genius like myself, but he is not an idiot!" He then grabbed for his collar, trying to get the metal away from his skin.

"Really, Forsdy? You're really going to try and talk back to me in the position you're in?" Bill laughed with amusement.

Ford gives a hard glare.

Bill floats towards him and takes off Ford's hat and gives him a pet like he was a dog. "Don't worryâ€| I have a deal!"

"And if he refuses?" Ford interrupted as he gives a smirk, knowing already his brother won't do it.

"I know someone who will make the deal with me!" Bill gives off a cackle of high shrill laughter.

"Whatâ€|? What do you mean?" Ford questioned. Who else was thereâ€|?

Bill snaps his fingers and a window of blue fire appears in the air. In the center showed the image of Dipper in the RV eating his egg breakfast. The bags under his eyes were dark and his stress lines were thick. The redness on his nose looked pale compared to Ford's memories of him. On Dipper's head as usual was his blue and white pine tree hat, and he wore a sweater with the same color scheme with the pine tree in the center.

Ford's eyes squint in confusion. Then he himself laughs, "Yeah right! Like Dipper would ever make a deal with you!"

Bill squints his one eye. "Ohâ€|?" his voice was filled with amusement. "You had wanted Pine Tree to be your apprentice right? So the kid obviously is quite intelligentâ€| He's also got the weirdness factor you have."

Ford says nothing.

"You see, Stanford, you're not going to live forever, and I do enjoy having a puppet at my disposal." Bill gives Ford a snarky look. "Soâ€| I want Pine Tree to be your successor at being my puppet. I have possessed him beforeâ€| he reminds me a lot of you, Stanford!"

"LIKE HELL HE WILL BE!" Ford screams. "I rather have you run me dead,

resurrect me and run me dead again, over and over for eternity then let you have Dipper!"

Bill cackles, "As much as I like your enthusiasm, Ford, I like Pine Tree a bit betterâ€| He is young an innocentâ€| and that's \_perfect\_ to break! He is like Stanley in a way, and will do anything for his familyâ€|" Bill's hands become engulfed in blue fire. "One little threat to Shooting Star and he will be at my feet like a lost puppy!"

"If you dare do \_anything \_to Mabel and Dipper I swear I'll-" Ford was pissed. Beyond pissed, he was furious.

"You'll do \_WHAT, STANFORD?\_" Bill turned red with anger, his eye black. The blue flames turned red and more fire appeared around him. Ford shut his mouth. "One more act like that and I'll possess you and have you \_KILL SHOOTING STAR AND YOUR BROTHER!\_"

Ford hung his head and lowered his hands from the collar. His eyes were starting to fill with tears. He wanted to protect the kidsâ€| and now Bill was going to hurt them.

"Now, Forsdy," Bill said in his normal tone, him being his yellow color again. "We have a little trip to do, so I need your body now." Bill snaps his fingers and the collar was released from Ford. Ford knew the drill and held out his six fingered hand and with a blue flamed hand Bill Cipher grasps it. Bill's body physically turned to stone and stayed at the foot of the throne.

When Ford blinked open his eyes they were no longer his brown. The sclera was tinted yellow as if he had jaundice, his iris and pupil were pure black and were a slit, like a snake. Ford was a mere shadow of his former self and Bill took complete control and gave a sadistic smile.

Bill-Ford walked down the stone steps that had led to the throne. He walked down the corridors of his castle, the torches of blue fire extinguishing as he walked by. Soon he reached the front of the castle and snapped his fingers for a car to appear before him.

Bill gives off a cackle as everything goes black, leaving his eyes now glowing a bright gold.

#### 4. Chapter 4: Not So Happy Hunting

\*\*Chapter 4: Not So Happy Hunting\*\*

Dipper slung the hunting rifle over his shoulder via strap, adjusting his thick forest green colored coat to not rub him the wrong way.

He replaced his traditional blue and white pine tree hat with a camouflage one, a forest green colored pine tree in its center. His hands were covered with thick, warm gloves, he wore thick dark green pants, and he wore black boots.

"Dipper!" Mabel called to him before he could open the door to the RV. "Hereâ€| I packed you a lunchâ€| it's not much, but it should at least not have your stomach growling to scare the game away."

"Thank you, Mabel." Dipper takes the small sack that was his lunch and put it in one of his coat pockets.

"Good luck, Dip'n Dot!" Mabel gives a brilliant smile, her braces now gone. She had outgrown them and at one of their town stops a dentist was still around and helped removed them for her.

Dipper gives a small salute with a smile and leaves the RV.

Since they were in the Midwest part of the country and it was January, it was freezing. It wasn't snowing yet, the ground was still covered with thick green undergrowth. Dipper saw his breath in the air and his face stung from the cold. He goes deep into the nearby forest and finds a large bush for him to hide out in, and the wind was blowing at his face, which meant his scent won't be noticeable as much.

Dipper lowers himself to the hard, cold ground and removes the gun from his shoulder. He props his elbows up and holds the gun steady, his eye at the scope. He didn't have any sort of bait, so he had to hope something will stumble out of hibernation to get something.

As he waited Dipper remembered when he first learned to shoot a gunâ€|

It was after leaving Piedmont, California that their Grunkle Stan said they would try to head east. After parking outside of Vegas, which was dark and abandoned, Stan went to his one suitcases and opened it, revealing the guns.

"Grunkle Stanâ€| you own \_guns\_?!" Dipper had shrieked, his puberty voice cracking.

"10 of them in fact." Mabel had chipped in, her voice still a low tone from witnessing their parents. "He said it was in case that some maniac would come in with a ladder."

Stan picked up one of the pistols and loaded a clip into it. He was a little slow at it since it had been years since he picked one up like this. He cocks it and puts the safety on then proceeds to do the same to another pistol. He then hands the pistols to the now 13-year-olds.

"Are you \_crazy\_ Grunkle Stan?!" Dipper had screeched. "You're giving us guns?!"

"I'm going to teach you two how to use them!" Stan had grumbled, finally loading the last one for himself. "The world is hell nowâ€| I want you two to at least defend yourselves!" Stan at this time was still wearing his Mr. Mystery get up, his fez sitting on his head like always. "Soâ€| let's go outside and I'll show you two how to use these."

Mabel had gotten up from her seat and was about to follow their Grunkle out the door when Dipper had shouted, "WHY? WHAT DO YOU MEAN TO LEARN HOW TO USE GUNS?!"

"Dipperâ€|" Mabel had worriedly whispered. "Dipper, it'll be okayâ€|"

Stan then approached his great nephew. "Dipper, I know this is something you prefer not to doâ€| but sometimesâ€| we just have to do things we don't want to." He had looked at the gun in his hand.

Dipper had done a distraught nod and followed Grunkle Stan outside, Mabel taking his hand tightly. They were outside and Stan then set up some targets he had found a few stops ago. He takes the safety off his gun and slowly raised the gun and aimed. He pulled the trigger and with a deafening sound the bullet hits toward the middle of the bullseye.

"The trick is to not close one eye like they show in the movies," Stan had informed them as he had put the safety back on. "Keep both eyes open and whatever double vision you see with this little aim thingâ€| sorry, I really don't know the term of it... the middle of it is where your target will hit, most likely. It takes practice."

He had then got the twins to stand in front of targets to practice and hands both the kids a box of 9mm ammunition, pretty standard for a handgun. Mabel was doing decent, even the recoil wasn't hard for her, because of her time practicing with her grappling hook; despite what recently just happened, she gave a small grin of victory when she got closer and closer to the bullseye. Dipper on the other hand had been terrible. Every time he had shot the gun he dropped it from the recoil, like he was scared he was going to shoot himself. A few times he actually had almost shot his own foot or even Stan.

"Dipper!" Stan had screamed for the fourth time that the young boy accidentally shot himself. "You can't be afraid of it! Think of it as an extension of yourself!" Stan had then knelt down to his great nephew's level. "Think about it for a minuteâ€| if something was attacking your sister, wouldn't you want to help her?"

Dipper had looked at his grunkle with a new found look of determination. First Ford, then their parentsâ€| if something happened to Mabel, or even Stan, Dipper had no idea what he would do without them. "I will protect Mabelâ€|" He had then raised the gun once again, both hands around the handle to steady it, and aimed at the target and then pulled the trigger. The bullet had went to the target, it wasn't a bullseye but it had been close. It was the first time he had actually hit the target.

"Iâ€| I did it!" Dipper had cried out happily. "I actually shot it!" His brown eyes were big, and just so youthful.

"Awesome, Dipper!" Mabel had joined in too. "With some more practice you'll be a sharpshooter!"

Stan gave a low chuckle. "Not bad kid, not bad at all!" he had told him as he took off Dipper's hat and gave his brown hair a tussle.

During those few weeks Dipper trained with the pistol, and then he moved on to the hunting rifle. The rifle was so large to him at firstâ€| he had no idea how he would handle it.

"This has a different caliber of bullets," Grunkle Stan had told

Dipper and Mabel. "This is more for huntingâ€| so like deer and does."

Mabel's eyes had widened when he had mentioned the deer. "Deer?! As in like, \_Bambi\_!? And you can kill does!? You would kill Bambi's mom!?" Both Dipper and Grunkle Stan had looked to her with confusion. "Sorryâ€| that part of the movie just makes me sadâ€|"

Stan had then showed them how to use the hunting rifle, and Dipper was a natural. Staying in a place quietly was his kind of style, and a long distance was perfect for him. He learned to hunt real quickly, and went on a "Coming of Age" hunting trip just inside the woods to bring home a deer. Dipper had brought down his first deer in a matter of three shots at critical arteries.

Now Dipper sat in the undergrowth, his brown eyes focused ahead of him. Because it was January deer wouldn't be around much, so he was hoping a stray squirrel or hare would come out. Dipper took a deep breath, his hands steady.

A flash of gray streaked across his vision and within a moment Dipper found the target and pulled the trigger. One loud shot rang causing whatever nearby birds to fly away in panic. With a grunt, Dipper got up from his spot in the undergrowth and went to his game.

Lying on the ground was a decent sized hare, it would make for some great soup. "Awesome," Dipper whispered happily to himself as he pulled out his journal and documented his kill. He then took a sack from his side, sewn by his sister of course, and he stuffed in the hare. He decided that he should try to find some other game before heading back to the RV, so he sits on an old tree stump to take a small break and each his small lunch made by Mabel.

It was some bit of leftover squirrel meat from a few days ago with crackers. Dipper gives a small smile and ate it gladly. Never in his life would he have ever thought of eating a squirrel!

\_Heckâ€| never in my life would I ever expect to see gnomes, or lake monsters, shapeshifters, aliensâ€| or even a yellow demon shaped like a triangleâ€|\_ He thought to himself.

Growling then came from the trees, low and threatening. Dipper slips the rifle over his shoulder and pulls out his pistol, aiming straight toward the noise. His eyes were focused and his finger stayed on that trigger.

\_ " \_\_Pineâ€| treeâ€| hatâ€| " \_the source of the growling stated.

Dipper glances upwards to his hat. It wasn't his normal pine tree hat, so when he got his hunting gear together Mabel put a patch on a hat for him. She had stated to him that he didn't look like himself without the pine tree symbol.

"What do you want!?" Dipper demanded, his hands were steady ready to fire.

An enormous black paw exits the growth of the woods, then another appeared. Its head was massive as it emerged, its fangs bared and a disgusting brownish color. The eyes were a deep blood red, and Dipper

could practically see his reflection they were so big. When its whole body emerged it made the Multibear look like an innocent German Shepard sized dog.

"Ohâ€| shit." Dipper's mouth was agape, his voice nothing but a whisper. A pistol can't take that thing down, not even the rife could. \_I'd need a damn assault rifle or something like that for this thingâ€|!\_

\_ " \_\_Pineâ€| Treeâ€| hatâ€| "\_\_ The beast growled, sending shivers up Dipper's spine. \_"Forâ€| Masterâ€| Cipherâ€| "\_\_ The beast then lunged, it may have been big but its speed was slow and clumsy.

Dipper dodged left and when the beast's head passed by his arm he quickly aimed the pistol towards its eyes. He pulled the trigger three times, a dark, inky fluid sprayed from the bullet wounds and the beast roared with rage. As the beast was distracted with its wounds Dipper made a grab for his game and started running.

The thick woods was slowing him down a bit, but hopefully it would slow down that monster too. More growling came from the bushes and undergrowth, beady red, orange, green, and white eyes peeking through the bushes and trees.

\_ " \_\_Pine tree hat." \_ The monsters whispered all around him. Panicked, Dipper turned off course from where the main road was. He found a steep hill and started trying to get down it but ended up slipping on a rock and began tumbling down.

Dipper landed on the ground with a hard \_whack!\_ He gasped in pain, putting a hand to his head. When he removed it his hand was covered in a bright scarlet. His hunting rifle had fallen off his shoulder and his pistol got knocked from his hand. He got the rifle and slung that over his shoulder and as he made his way for the pistol, a nice black dress shoe steps on his wrist, pinning it.

"AUGH!" Dipper yelped as he tried to yank his arm, but it was no use. He glances upâ€|

And saw Ford's face in a sadistic smile.

\_ " \_\_Well, well, well!" \_ The voice that came out of Ford's mouth wasn't his, but Bill Cipher's. He gives a cackle.

\_ " \_\_Hello, Pine Tree!" \_

## 5. Chapter 5: The Not Old Switcheroo

\*\*Chapter 5: The Not Old Switcheroo \*\*

\_ " \_\_I've got some children I need to turn into corpses!" \_

\_ Bill's normal yellow triangular appearance turns a deep red, his body splitting into three sections, giant, jagged, yellowish teeth baring through the spaces. His eye turned black, a slit of a yellow pupil. His top hat turned into a glowing yellow color, four extra arms coming from his body the same yellow color.\_

\_ " \_\_Seeya real soonâ€|!" Bill's voice was lower and much more

demonic sounding than his normal shrill tone. He then crawled out of the main room, like a giant spider, chasing down Mabel and Dipper.\_

\_ "No! Wait! No! No!" Stan was gripping and shaking the bars of the prism prison that he was in with Ford. "Oh, what do we do!? What do we do!?" he shouted.\_

\_ "\_\_KIDS!" Ford was banging on the bars to no avail.\_

\_Stan then collapses to his knees. "Oh, I can't believe this. The kids are gonna die and it's all my fault." He holds up a hand. "Because I couldn't shake your stupid hand!" He closes his eyes and his face glooms over with sadness. "Uh, Dad was right about me. I am a screw up!"\_

\_Ford releases the bars and sits down next to his twin. "Ah, don't blame yourself. I'm the one who made the deal with Bill in the first place." He gestures with his hand. "I fell for all his easy flattery." He takes out a water canteen. "You would have seen him for the scam artist he is." He takes a sip of the water then hands it to his twin.\_

\_Stan takes it. "How did things get so messed up between us?" he takes a sip of the water.\_

\_ "\_\_We used to be like Dipper and Mabel," Ford pointed out. "The world's about to end and they still work together." He gives a slight confused look. "How do they do it?"\_

\_ "\_\_Easy," Stan scoffed. "They're kids, they don't know any better." His twin then gets up, a determined look on his face. "Whoa, where you going?"\_

\_ "\_\_I'm going to play the only card we have left," Ford said. "Let Bill into my mind. He'll be able to take over the galaxy and maybe even worse, but at least he might let the kids free."\_

\_Stan jumps up. "What?!" he shouted. "Are you kidding me?! Are you honestly telling me there's nothing else we can do!?"\_

\_Ford gives his twin brother a hard look. "Bill's only weakness is in the mind space. If I didn't have this darn plate in my head-" he taps it. "-we could just erase him with the memory gun when he steps into my mind." Ford then takes out the memory gun that his old friend McGucket had made to try to forget his accidental glance in the portal.\_

\_Stan looks at the memory gun curiously. "What if he goes into my mind? My brain isn't good for anything."\_

\_Ford gives a dark chuckle. "There's nothing in your mind he wants. It has to be me. We need to take his deal. It's the only way he'll agree to save you and the kids." He then grips the prison bars and leans into it. Stan does the same thing.\_

\_ "\_\_Do you think he's gonna make good on that deal?" Stan asked.\_

\_Ford then gives him a defeated look. "What other choice do we

have?"\_\_

\_Stan then angrily punches the bars. "You idiot! We should just switch places!" He then turns and grips Ford's shoulder, moving him away from the bars. "Like we did when we were kids! We tricked Ma and Dad all the time!"\_\_

\_ "\_\_Stanley, when we were younger we looked more similar, despite being fraternal twins!" Ford argued. "For God's sake, you look older than me and I'm the older twin!" he gestures to him. "You're not shaven like I am, you don't have this gray streak I have, and you don't have six fingers on each hand!" he takes Stan's hands off of him. "The moment you would go shake hands with Bill he will notice right away! There wouldn't even be a chance to make a deal, he'll be so furious he'll kill the kids on the spot!"\_\_

\_Stan's face was the look of grief. Ford was rightâ€| he was always right. When they were kids it was easy to switch places without a care in the world. Their parents never bothered to look at their hands to tell the difference. If they did try to switch to trick Bill he'd kill the kids.\_

\_ "\_\_Thenâ€| WHAT CAN WE DO STANFORD?!" Stan screamed in dismay. "Ya think I'm going to stand here and let you sacrifice yourself to Bill for a slim chance of survival?!"\_\_

\_Ford angrily shouts back, "There is nothing WE CAN DO STANLEY! This is the ONLY WAY!!" he gives his younger twin a look of dismay. "When will you stop being so damn stubborn?"\_\_

\_ "\_\_The day you do, Poindexter!" Stan retorts back. He was fuming. It was a plan at least to switch! Even if Bill killed them all, it'd be better than not trying at allâ€|\_\_

\_Before Ford could say anything back a loud rumble filled the room. Bill's monstrous form breaks through the opening, in his right hand both the kids were trying to struggle free.\_

\_ "\_\_Alright, Ford!" Bill bellowed in his shrill voice. "Time's up. I got the kids!" His voice then becomes filled with sarcastic amusement. "I think I'm gonna kill one of them now just for the heck of it!" Bill's pupil then turns into the shape of a pine tree. "EENIE." Then to the shooting star. "MEENIE." Back to the pine tree. "MINEE." His pupil then lands on the shooting star and as he says, "YOU!" he raises his hand, about to snap his fingers.\_

\_ "\_\_NO, CIPHER!" Ford then screams at the top of his lungs, now truly knowing there was nothing else he could do. "I SURRENDER!"\_\_

\_Bill then drops the kids. "Good choice, Stanford." He then reverts into his normal form.\_

\_ "\_\_I'll let you into my mind, Bill." Ford began to say as Bill holds out a blue flamed hand. "BUT!" Bill gives a curious look. "If I do thisâ€| let you into my mindâ€| you can even have my bodyâ€| total ownership of me to be your puppetâ€| you have to promise that you will not harm Stanley, Dipper and Mabel in any way! They will live\_." Ford then gives Bill what one would call the "stare of death", his hands into tight fists, practically shaking.\_

\_If Bill could smile, he would, so his one eye gives the motion of how a smile would change it.\_

\_ " \_\_It's a \_deal\_ Stanford Filbrick Pines." Bill then grasps Ford's now outstretched hand. Bill's physical body then turns into stone and Ford collapses onto his knees and something drops from his coat.\_

\_ " \_\_GREAT UNCLE FORD!" Dipper screamed as Mabel screamed, "GRUNKLE FORD!" \_

\_Stan stood there staring at his brother. It was over. There was nothing they could do now. He glances to the fallen object. The memory gun. Stan grabs it and types in "Bill Cipher" onto the screen and aimed at Ford's head. He didn't care if there was a metal plate in Ford's head, he had to at least \_try\_. He shoots the gun, but the beam seemed to be deflected and it soared out the hole in the wall.\_

\_ " \_\_Noâ€| Stan whispered. "Whyâ€| didn't we just switch?" \_

\_Ford then opens his eyes. They were glowing a golden yellow color, the pupil a slit. He began cackling in Bill's shrill voice.\_

\* \* \*

><p>"GAH!" Stan sat up from his seat that he was sleeping in, his heart pounding in his chest so hard he thought it was going to burst.</p>

The RV was quiet, the only sound was the roaring of Stan's blood in his ears. He glances around, not seeing the kids. He gets up and peeks around to their room to see that Mabel was knitting again. Dipper was nowhere.

"Hey, Sweetie?" Stan called to her. She looks up, her trance broken, her warm brown eyes gazing at him. "Where's your brother?"

"Dipper went hunting, we ran out of meat," Mabel explained. Then she peeked through the curtain of the small window. "Butâ€| it's starting to get darkâ€| Dipper hasn't come back yetâ€| her voice sounded worried. "Even if he didn't get any game he would've brought back some berries or something."

Stan's heart drops. "Put on something warm." He orders her. "We're gonna go look for Dipper." He then pokes his head out of the room and shuts the door to give her privacy. He then goes to his little sleeping area and puts on a thick hunter's coat over his sweater and puts on thick gloves. Now that it was getting dark it was going to be freezing.

Mabel exits the room, wearing her own hunter's coat, but instead of the green it was a dimmed pink in color. At her side in a holster was pink camo handled gun with two clips in the little pockets. Her trusty grappling hook was on a clip on her other side, ready to be used.

"I'm ready, Grunkle Stan." Mabel said to him as she puts on a knitted hat, a symbol of Waddles sewn into it.

Stan puts on a simple red knitted hat and opens the door, the other hunting rifle in his hands. They both began walking in the woods calling for Dipper. After an hour or so Stan noticed blood on the dirt floor. It was a small amount, it could be from an animal.

Mabel glanced at it too. "Maybe Dipper shot something?" she suggested. "Maybe he got something and is heading to the RV now!"

"We would've heard a shot, sweetie." Stan pointed out as he continued forward. "DIPPER! DIPPER PINES WHERE ARE YOU?!" he screamed into the forest.

Something moved from within the woods. Mabel hovers a hand to her hand gun, ready to grab it. Stan grips the hunting rifle tighter, ready to snap it into position to shoot if needed. The leaves shook again, and the sound of footsteps was getting louder!

Dipper appeared from the shadows.

"Dipper!" Mabel shouted with happiness as she runs towards him. She throws her arms around him. "Dipper, you're okay!"

"GAH!" Dipper yelped as the air was squeezed out of him. "Yes, Mabel, I'm fine!" Dipper had some blood on his face and there was blood on his one glove. "I just hit my head a little, nothing major."

"Hitting your head is major, Dipper!" Mabel protested. "C'mon! Let's get back to the RV!" she takes his non-bloodied hand and starts to drag him towards where they have come.

"Okay, okay!" Dipper agreed. "Just stop tugging, please?"

Stan watched for a moment as the twins walked away. He slowly glances back into the forest, his stomach uneasy. His brown eyes widened in surprise from what he saw.

A pair of glowing, golden eyes were staring at him.

## 6. Chapter 6: The Cipher and the Pine Tree

\*\*Chapter 6: The Cipher and the Pine Tree\*\*

"Bill?!" Dipper managed to gasp out.

Seeing his Great Uncle Ford, his idol, being forced to be a puppet for Bill was sickening. Ford was a man of science, he wrote the journals that Dipper was obsessed with during his time in Gravity Falls. Ford even played Dungeons, Dungeons, and More Dungeons with him, and took him to see a real alien spaceship.

Now Ford was forced to wear this yellow long coat with tails at the end. It was half buttoned up, revealing a white dress shirt and a black bow tie. On top of Ford's head was a tall, black top hat. In Ford's black gloved hands was a cane. Despite being in the woods there wasn't a speck of dirt on his black dress shoes or pants.

"That's right, Pine Tree!" Bill-Ford replied enthusiastically. He then looks at his hat. "You got a different hat..? Huhâ€œ weird, I would expect you to be practically buried with the other one."

"This is a hunting hat!" Dipper snapped as he tried to pry his arm away.

Bill-Ford gives a laugh. "Hunting? Ohâ€œ so you know how to use a gun? That would explain why my beast has bullet holes in its headâ€œ I would never think you would be able to aim a gun let alone shoot one with great accuracyâ€œ!"

"Despite you taking over my uncle's body he would be glad if I shot him in the head so he'd be released from you!" Dipper's voice was filled with a venom of rage. "Grunkle Stan may not like itâ€œ but I bet he'd rather see his brother dead than see him in your possession!"

Bill-Ford cocks an eyebrow. "Wowâ€œ those teenage hormones are hitting your attitude hard, Pine Tree." He gives a smile, one that would normally look so genuine to Ford, almost reminding Dipper of Mabel's smile, but was ruined with Bill's yellow eyes. "It's almost adorable! I think I like you a bit more with this angst!"

Dipper glares, his brown eyes hardened with anger.

"Butâ€œ I'm not here about that!" Bill-Ford clapped his hands together, the cane disappearing. "I have a little deal for you, Pine Tree."

Dipper screams, "And you can shut up and go to hell!" he finally gripped the gun that was underneath his hand and yanked his arm as hard as he could. Bill-Ford had relaxed his foot slightly, so Dipper flung backwards from his momentum. He adjusts himself and aims the gun at Bill-Ford. "I mean itâ€œ I will shoot."

Bill-Ford gives an exasperated sigh. "Wow, Pine Tree, you're going to make this difficult aren't you?"

With a deep breath, Dipper pulled the trigger. The bullet went straight toward Bill-Ford's head. The bullet hit the skin and skull with a sickening thump! Bill-Ford just gives Dipper an agitated look. With a flamed hand Bill-Ford waved over the wound and it sealed up, as if it never happened.

Dipper's eyes widened as he stumbles back. One, he actually shot at his own family with full intention of killing him. And two, it had no effect.

"Look, Pine Tree, normally I would've let that kill Fordsy here, but I need him as my puppet for a little while longer." Bill-Ford sighed with agitation. "I need a successor for him." Bill-Ford then gives Dipper a sadistic smile. "So, how about it, Pine Tree? Will you have the honor of being my puppet again?"

"LIKE HELL I WILL!" Dipper screamed at the top of his lungs as he shot with his pistol again. He shot wherever he could see through the stinging tears that was forming in his eyes. He shot at the head, the jugular vein in the neck, the heart, and just in random spots.

Blood seeped through Bill-Ford's clothes, turning the yellow into a rusty orange color. The white dress shirt was a bright scarlet. The bright blood dripped down the head wound, it was so very sluggish as it \_drip dropped\_ onto his clothes and onto the dirt floor.

Bill-Ford's eyes then turns into a bright red. He snaps his fingers and Dipper froze in place. With a menacing glare Bill-Ford steps forward towards the boy. He grabs Dipper by the collar of his coat and then throws him into the ground. Dipper screamed in pain, but Bill-Ford was amused by this and kicks the teenaged boy at his side.

"What aboutâ€|" Dipper coughs in pain. "That deal you made with Great Uncle Fordâ€|? To not harm us in any wayâ€|?"

Bill-Ford cackles, his eyes turning back into the yellow, "Oh, sorry about that, Pine Tree! You're right!" he then puts a hand to his face, feigning embarrassment. "I have no idea what came over meâ€| you just pissed me off so much, I just reacted." He snaps his fingers and Dipper was healed, even his head wound from earlier.

Dipper stayed on the ground, the gun still in his hand. He was ready to shoot and run if he had to. He had to get to Mabel and Grunkle Stan, to tell them that Bill was here.

"I wouldn't think about that if I were you, Pine Tree." Bill-Ford, seemingly reading his mind, and wagged a finger, like scolding a child. He then crouches down to the boy. "Nowâ€| about my deal."

"Whatever you can offer me Bill, the answer is no." Dipper's was firm, but inside he was shaking with fear.

Bill-Ford cocks an eyebrow. "You see, Pine Tree, I am now planning to have my reign go across the universe." He began. "Although I have Stanford here as an ambassador, it doesn't scream Ultimate Ruler, you know? Ford is old, old doesn't make a good reign of power. You, on the other hand are still quite young, youth is shown to be powerful as it means it is a sign of life going on."

Dipper spits, "What's your point, Cipher?"

"My point is, I need a younger puppet to rule the other lifeforms." Bill-Ford gives a grin. "And ding ding ding Pine Tree, you win!"

"Why meâ€|?" Dipper asks, actually now curious.

"Because, you're literally just like Ford." Bill-Ford stated. "Your intelligence is higher than average, despite you being out of school â€" sorry about ruining the schools by the wayâ€| I never really cared for them â€" you seemed to have increased your knowledge."

Dipper gives a huff, "Well, I had plenty of time to readâ€| you know, the end of the world and all." He made a gesture with his hand to the world around him.

"Also, you have the same way of thinking as Ford," Bill-Ford

continued. "Butâ€œ there is something about you I just like betterâ€œ I really have no clue." He gives a shrug. "C'mon, Pine Tree, I'm giving you a perfect opportunity to discover new life forms here! You saw that alien spaceship, rightâ€œ? You're not curious to see what more are out there?"

"As tempting that is, Bill," Dipper says sarcastically,  
"No."

Bill-Ford's eyes narrowed. He then gives a smirk, a plan forming in his head. "Okay thenâ€œ if I use Ford here and tell the lifeforms about this planetâ€œ there is no guarantee that they won't come here and try to kill the rest of the human raceâ€œ including your family."

"YOU SAID-"

"That \_I \_wouldn't harm you Pines." Bill-Ford interrupted. "I meanâ€œ if you were my puppet, you being younger would easily impress the others, they would actually listenâ€œ or, you can put your family into a specialâ€œ protective custody so to speak."

There was shouting in the distance.

"Mabelâ€œ?" Dipper whispered as he slowly got up.

"I'll give you two weeks to think about this, Pine Tree." Bill-Ford informed him. "I know Stanley has been planning somethingâ€œ I have eyes and ears everywhereâ€œ but I just don't know what yet, my stupid servants can't figure it outâ€œ So, if I see you before then, \_you better have an answer!\_"

He then disappears in the sound of his cackling.

Dipper begins to walk up the hill, all his stuff with him. He checked his game to see how badly it was damaged. It looked a little rough, but it should be fine to cook and consume, it just might be a bit gamey. As Dipper climbed he heard the shouts getting louder and louder, Mabel and Grunkle Stan were looking for him.

When he got to the top had walked through a patch of thick woods. He emerged out to see Mabel and Stan tense. After the small reunion Mabel was dragging Dipper back towards the RV, telling him about how worried she was of him. He glances back and sees Stan looking into the woods. He was curious to see what he was looking at, so he focused in the woods.

Dipper saw a pair of glowing, golden eyes.

He gulps and faces forward. Bill wanted Dipper to be his new puppetâ€œ if what he said was true, could aliens come and kill the rest of the human race?

\_That seems so farfetched thoughâ€œ\_ Dipper thought to himself. \_What are the odds of that happening?\_

A sudden mental list then goes through his head. What were the odds that he found Journal 3? Or the odds of Stan actually fixing the portal for Ford to get through? Or the odds of even Gideon finding Journal 2? More and more things got added to the list.

\_I guess it does seem possible\_|\_ Dipper thought bitterly. He then glances at his sister, who was still chatting away about how worried she was and that she was happy that he was okay.

\_If something was attacking your sister\_| wouldn't you want to help her?\_

\_You can put your family is in special protective custody\_|\_

Dipper gives a worried look, not showing Mabel. What was he going to do\_|?

## 7. Chapter 7: Stan Has a Plan

\*\*Chapter 7: Stan Has a Plan\*\*

Once they were back at the RV Stan had started gutting and removing the fur from the hare for their meal that night.

Every few minutes he would glance at Dipper, who was sitting at the small table with a book in his hand, and give him a worried look. The boy hasn't spoken since coming back to the RV, he just changed out of his hunting attire and cleaned himself up, going from his hunting version of his hat to his normal one, wearing a white sweater with a dark blue pine tree at its center. It seemed that the kid wasn't even reading though\_| like he was just faking it. It looked like he had something else on his mind.

The memory of those golden eyes crept back.

Did Dipper see Bill\_|? And if he did was it actually Bill, or did he use Ford's body? Stan had only seen his brother one time since that day, and it was an appearance at a local shelter that he had taken the kids to for a decent meal at the first start of the apocalypse.

Bill had used Ford's body to kill innocent people. Women, children, the elderly\_| Luckily the kids were sleeping when it first started happening and Stan got them out of there before they could see their uncle murdering people. Stan could never forget Bill's laughter of pure evil as he used Ford's body, even if he used the memory gun.

"Hey, kiddo?" Stan said to Dipper. The boy raised his head. "Did\_| you see something in the woods earlier\_|?"

"Just the usual monsters and demons trying to get human flesh." Dipper replied nonchalantly. He waved it off like it was nothing.

"Are you sure\_|?"

"YES!"

Both stared at each other for a heated moment before Dipper slams his book shut and walks off to the front of the RV to sit in the passenger seat to "read" more. Mabel then came into the small kitchen area with vegetables she grew in the small plot outside the

RV.

"What's wrong with, Dipper?" she asked.

"Becoming a teenaged boy." Stan replied bitterly as he started cutting the meat of the hare into chunks. "We'll save half of this meat for later in the week." He puts the chunks in a pot filled with stock that he made with using their previous meals. Mabel had cut up the vegetables and put them in the pot as well. "Did you get the seeds from the garden?" Like they could even call it that, it was just a dirt pile they planted stuff in.

"Yeahâ€| are we going to leave soon?" Mabel asked. She turned the small stove on and added some seasoning.

Stan nodded. "We are going to meet up with someone." He told her as he went and sat down at his "bed".

"Whoâ€|?" Mabel was beaming. New people!? As much as she loved her brother and her grunkle, it was annoying living with boys all the time.

Dipper poked his head from the front and was watching.

"We are meeting with Bud Gleeful," Stan grumbled. "As much as I had hated that guy and his kid back in Gravity Falls we have been talking the past few months over the radio."

Dipper had then walked back and sat at the table, his book closed and pushed to the side. "For whatâ€|?"

Stan glances over. "Do you two remember the wheel Ford drew on the groundâ€|?" The kids nod. "Wellâ€| we are going to try and do that again."

"Don't we need Grunkle Ford though?" Mabel pointed out.

"And the rest of the wheel?" Dipper added bitterly.

Ten symbols placed around a wheel. Hand and hand they'll bond the seal. But break the chain and pay the cost, the prophecy will all be lost.

That day Stan broke the chain. He got so mad at Ford about correcting his grammar that he put the universe at risk. Stan never forgave himselfâ€| if he would've just swallowed his anger, his pride, then maybe the world would be okay right now.

The six fingered hand was Ford of course, because of his polydactyly. The fish-looking symbol was Stan, even himself he has no idea why he picked that symbol for his fez. The question mark was Soos, he was always wearing one of the Mystery Shack's shirts. The ice bag was Wendy, she was always cool at everything she did. The pine tree was Dipper, his hat has a pine tree on it and it could also be because of the last name "Pines". The glasses was McGucket, the man was a mechanical genius, despite going crazy for using the memory gun in himself so much. The llama was Pacifica, for what reason it was not known, she just borrowed a sweater from Mabel the night before they went to save Ford. The shooting star was Mabel, her signature sweater had this design on it, and it could be because she was always beaming

a radiance of happiness and joy. The pentagram was Gideon because of his symbol for his Tent of Telepathy. The stitched heart was Robbie, who had apparently been wearing that same hoodie since he was in 7th grade.

After Bill had shown up during Stan and Ford's fighting he had turned the remaining people of the wheel into tapestries. It is actually unknown if they still exist or if Bill had destroyed them.

Untilâ€|

"Well kidsâ€| from what I found out from Gleeful, Bill has six major pyramids around the world, plus his main one in Gravity Falls." Stan began. "Gleeful's group led a few recon missions to these pyramids, and in each one they're been to there was a tapestry on the wall in the main room, where the throne was."

"You meanâ€|?" Dipper said in awe. "We can get themâ€|? Save them all?"

"And then we can get Grunkle Ford and stop Bill?" Mabel then added.

Stan gives a small smile. "Yeahâ€| that's the plan anyway." He then gets up to stir the soup. "Ford will be last, he will be the hardest to get since he is Bill's puppet." He ended that last phrase with a bitter taste to it. Bill was going to pay for making his brother a puppet.

Dipper then gets up, a huge grin on his face. "So where is the nearest pyramid!?" he asked. "When can we go!?"

Stan raises a hand. "Calm down, Dipper. You're getting excited like when you talk about your nerd stuff." He ignores the annoyed glare from his nephew. "The nearest one is actually in New Jerseyâ€| for some ungodly reasonâ€| Gleeful said that McGucket's tapestry was there."

Mabel gives a questioning look. "McGucket? Why would Bill put him in New Jersey?"

Dipper then states, "He went to the same college as Great Uncle Fordâ€| that's how they metâ€| Isn't the college in New Jersey?"

Stan thought about it for a minute. "Yeahâ€| I think it wasâ€|" He claps his hands together. "Alright kids, starting tomorrow we are heading to New Jersey, I'll contact Gleeful tonight before bed to let him know."

"YEAH!" the twins cheered in unison, fists in the air. "PINES, PINES, PINES, PINES!" This was the first time they were truly excited about something since making that plan to save Ford.

After an hour the soup was done and the three of them sat at the small table eating. Stan glances at the kids, seeing them poking each other to try to annoy each other, but the annoyance turns into small giggles, like young children. In some way it was like they didn't leave the Shackâ€| they were still acting like the close siblings

that they were, and Stan couldn't be happier about that. Every day he wishes that Mabel and Dipper will never drift apart like himself and Ford.

That night when the kids went to bed Stan went to his radio and contacted Gleeful. For a minute there was static and then his voice came on in its normal Southern drawl.

\_ "\_\_Bud Gleeful, over.\_ The voice said.

"Roger, this is Stan Pines, we are heading out to New Jersey tomorrow morning, over."

\_ "\_\_Roger, alright, Stanfo- I mean, Stanley Pines, my group is in New York we'll meet you there, over.\_

"Rogerâ€|" Stan said as he ended the transmission, thick with sudden emotion. For thirty years, before Bill had taken over the world, he stole his brother's identity after faking his own death, going by the name Stanford Pines. When he introduced himself however he always said "Stan Pines", using his actual shortened name. He could never be called Ford, although one person asked about that when he first started using the name "Stanford", and his response was punching the guy in the face.

Stan then hobbles over to his sleeping area and lays down. He had many layers of knitted blankets and throw blankets made by Mabel, a lot of them had his symbol on it, but he liked the one where Mabel put all four Pines' symbols on a dark blue one the best. As he settled to go to sleep he glanced at the door to the twins' small room.

"I wonder who will get killed this time in my nightmare tonightâ€|" Stan hoarsely whispered as he closed his eyes, a few tears escaping.

#### 8. Chapter 8: The Not So Open Road

\*\*Chapter 8: The Not So Open Road\*\*

Early in the morning before they left for New Jersey both Dipper and Stan hunted for some small game to stock up on some food.

They both brought back a few small squirrels, a couple of hares, and they got a few magpies that had stayed around in the Midwest since the weather was still decent before the cold front came in. They each had stuffed their game in the sacks provided by Mabel and when they returned to the RV they stuffed them in the fridge.

Mabel was ripping out the pathetic spot they called a garden. She took the few vegetables that grew and ripped out roots and put them in a sack, she would replant them later and they would still grow a bit. She took whatever seeds she could find and put them in the label jars in one of the drawers in the kitchen area.

"Ya kids ready?" Stan called out from the front, buckling himself in. He started the RV, noticing the gas gage was a quarter full. They would have to stop to get gas during the trip.

"Ready, Grunkle Stan!" Mabel called out. She sat at the table with Dipper with her knitting stuff, making another sweater.

"What design are you doing now?" Dipper asked.

"I'm making one for McGucket," she replied happily. "He's gonna need one since it's getting cold." She knitted with great speed and accuracy, not missing a stitch.

Mabel was always gifted when it came to crafts. She had been knitting since she was very young, being taught by the twins' grandmother. She knew how to sew as well, and crotchet, and she knew how to make clay flower pots and mugs. She was just in general more creative than Dipper, often thinking outside the box when it came to certain things. Her natural silliness is what helped Dipper solve the mystery of who really founded Gravity Falls.

Dipper smiles slightly, "Alright, you do what you do best." He then gets his book and begins reading again.

"How do you think we can rescue McGucket from the tapestry?" Mabel then asked softly, putting a pause to her knitting.

Her twin brother lifts up his head from his book, his face contorted with confusion. "You know what? I actually have no idea!" Dipper was so excited about rescuing the others that he hadn't really thought about how to save them. He then gently shuts the book and puts it to the side.

"Grunkle Stan?" Dipper called out towards the front.

His grunkle responded, "Yeah?"

"Do you know how we are supposed to release everyone from their tapestry?" Mabel then asked.

Silence.

Mabel cocks an eyebrow. "Grunkle Stan?"

"I actually don't know!" there was a pause. "But Gleeful said Gideon ripped a few of those pages out from Journal 2 pertaining to about Bill about how his magic works. Gleeful thinks there may be a way to reverse Bill's magic."

Dipper digs through his memory banks of Journal 3. He remembered a few things about Bill in that one except it said "Do not summon at all cost" and about how to not let him into your mind. There was nothing about his magic in depth let alone a reversal of it.

Mabel was already halfway done with the sweater when they entered Pennsylvania. She then sewn on the spectacles that represented the old man in its center, finally finished about halfway through the state. The sweater was a brown color, looking very earthy. The glasses were black framed, very similar to both Ford's and Stan's glasses.

"And done!" Mabel chirped happily. She held it up, a big smile on her face. The sweater fell out of her hands as the RV suddenly ran over something and Stan swerved. "Grunkle Stan?" her voice suddenly

filled with worry.

"Kids hang on, this is gonna get a bit bumpy! We've ran into some of Cipher's friends." Stan then shouted as he swerved the RV towards the right. Both of the kids were thrown onto the ground, Dipper's book flying off the table and it hits Mabel in her head.

"OW!" Mabel cried out. "Dipper! How about you read a lighter book for once!? Or a comic like a normal boy?!"

"Um no, string theory is interesting!" Dipper retorts, rubbing his arm from it hitting the ground.

"String cheese is interesting, not your stupid thick book of string whatever hitting my head!"

Both kids then screamed as a giant winged, demonic looking bird hits the window that was by the table and cracks it. The crack makes a spider web looking design across the glass, going from the center to the edges. Soon another hits it and crashes through, glass flying. To make sure Mabel didn't get most of the cuts Dipper threw himself over her, the back of his neck get nicks.

"Makes up for the book, right?" Dipper hissed as the glass cut his skin.

The demonic bird was large, about the size of an average Great Dane. Its feathers were a bright scarlet, the edges tinged an indigo, its tail feathers becoming spiked and sharp looking like knives. Its wings weren't a specific color but the faces of previous victims, all distorted in pained and fearful expressions, some extremely bloodied or torn up beyond recognition of a human face. The beak was pure black and when it opened the monster cawed at such a high pitch that the kids had to cover their ears, whatever glass was around cracked.

Mabel reached for her bag that had been by her seat, now toppled over. Inside it had her handgun and her grappling hook and a few things of yarn. She made her way for the hand gun and as she turned to face the demon it started pecking at Dipper.

"OW!" he screamed, his face got sliced by the beak, blood now rapidly dripping from the wound. "GET OFF OF ME!" it began pecking at his head, as if gesturing to the pine tree hat!

"Get away from my brother!" screamed Mabel as she quickly aimed and shot at the bird. It screeched loudly at her and with its large wingspan knocked her to the ground, causing the gun to fall out of her hand and slide under the rusty stove. She had the wind knocked out of her for a moment and was slightly disorientated.

The demonic bird screeches again as it used its feet to grip Dipper's shoulders, the talons cutting into them. As blood soaked the white of his sweater he was yanked backwards, being lifted from the ground. He screams loudly, the talons feeling like knives ripping into his flesh.

"Dipper!" Mabel gets up clumsily and grabs her twin's arm. "I got you! Grunkle Stan, we need help!" the RV was then swerved to the left, whether it was intentional or not, causing the demon to slam

into the wall, releasing its grip on the boy. Dipper falls to the ground with a groan of pain, both arms crossing his chest so his hands rested on his shoulders.

The demon squawked loudly, shaking its head. Mabel went and grabbed her gun from underneath the stove as it was distracted. With great accuracy she aims for the eyes of the demonic bird and pulled the trigger three times. However, because of Stan swerving the RV, and much cussing, trying to shake off the flock of the demons, Mabel's bullets only hit its wings.

Dipper takes his hands off his shoulders, covered in blood, and makes a grab for the switchblade knife he kept in his pants pocket. The demonic bird at this point was screeching and was making its way to Mabel. With a yell Dipper jumps up from his spot and plunges his knife deep into the back of the demon, black, thick fluid spewed out.

Mabel had gasped because the monster was so close to her face, ready to slice at it with its beak. It did a soft squawk and fell to its side, more of the demon's blood flowing out of it. Mabel gets up as another bird comes in the window, perched menacingly.

"I'm not dealing with thatâ€|" Dipper grumbled as he took a knee, his face covered in a sheen of sweat. He was looking a bit pale and now much of the arms of the sweater were a bright scarlet, now splattered black from the demonic bird, with blood from his shoulder.

Stan suddenly then hit the brakes of the RV, causing the bird to slam into the frame of the window, falling backwards onto the ground. Stan floors the gas and there was a sickening \_crunch!\_ He sped up and went off the road and soon they pulled to a stop at a parking garage.

"Kidsâ€| I think we lost themâ€|" Stan called to them heavily. It seemed he was out of breath, now the adrenaline was seeping away.

The adrenaline was seeping from Dipper as well as he then finally collapsed onto the ground. His sister was at his side, carrying a first aid kit she grabbed from by the table, knowing that he had his injury. She helped her brother take off his sweater so she could get to his shoulders, him wearing a now red stained t-shirt that used to be white.

"Those are deepâ€| you actually may need stitchesâ€|" Mabel whispered, trying to stay calm. What she wanted to do was scream loudly and cry.

His shoulders were ripped and jagged, as if someone was ripping fabric. Blood was pooling out too fastâ€| he was looking paler by the second, his brown eyes drooping with exhaustion. He passes out as Mabel calls for their grunkle, her voice cracking with worry.

All Dipper saw inside his mind once he was out was a single glowing, golden eye, the sound of cackling echoing.

\*\*Chapter 9: The Spectacles\*\*

\_ " \_\_Hahahaha! " \_

The shrill laughter from Bill Cipher as he sat on his throne, in his normal triangular form, was full of pure joy, as if he were a small child. In a blue flamed circle in front of him, almost like a TV, he watched as the Pines family was trying to avoid a horde of his pets.

"You bastard!" Ford screams from the foot of the throne, his neck once again held by a metal collar. "You promised you wouldn't hurt them!"

"I did, Stanford." Bill replies as something that resembled a martini appeared in his hand, a light purple liquid. "I'm not hurting themâ€| I'm right here. Those demons are hurting them." He gives a laugh. "You really need to learn to make a better contract, Ford."

Ford glares angrily. When he made the deal with Bill he had asked for his brother and the kids not to be harmed in any way by Cipher. As he thought about it he said "you" to Cipher, as him physically. Ford gives himself a six-finger face palm.

"God, I'm such an idiot!" Ford screams as Bill laughs.

"Figured it out Fordsy?" Bill taunted as he continued to watch his amusement. He saw that Mabel was shooting a gun as well. "You told me not to harm them in any way, so I'm not. So, I've sent others to do it for me!"

"YOU DOUBLE CROSSING-"

Bill cuts him off, "What did you expect, Stanford? You made a deal with a demon, smart guy!"

Ford yanks at his collar, enraged. First Bill used his body to go after Dipperâ€| now this? Ford was fully aware of the actions Bill does when possessing his body. He saw the way he beat Dipper, just to heal him as if nothing happened. When Dipper shot Ford's body, he felt everything, internally screaming from the pain. He was proud Dipper would do that, to kill him so he could free of Bill, but it still damned hurt.

Bill wanted Dipperâ€| whether it was just to get at Ford or whatâ€|

He will not let Bill take Dipper.

\* \* \*

><p>Dipper woke up in something soft, and what it looked like was a hospital bed as his eyes fluttered open to seek his surroundings.</p>

Something inside his chest fluttered. Was all this just a bad dream from a coma? Had he had been climbing a tree in Gravity Falls with Mabel and fell and hit his head? Did Bill not exist, or the aliens, or the journals?

But that would've been too good to be true.

After shaking his head and recovering from being disorientated from waking up, he took a good look around. The walls were cracked and yellow with discoloration. Picture frames were fallen and the glass of them shattered. Papers were thrown askew everywhere, as if someone had thrown them in a panic. Every edge seemed to be coated in thick dust, only few fingerprints were around and they seemed to be recent.

Dipper moved his shoulders and hissed in pain. He looks at them, both were thickly covered with white bandages, some dark brown dried through; the bandages covered both his shoulders and went around his bare chest. His brown eyes widened as he remembered the demonic bird grabbing him.

Those things were after him.

The monster had been pecking by his hat and tried to take him away. Bill was sending monsters to attack them to try to persuade the young man to join him. It was as if the family was attacked so much then Dipper would have no choice but to join Bill to save them.

Well, asshole, you're in for a rude awakening. Dipper thought to himself angrily as he got up from his bed and puts on a clean blue sweater, in its center was a book with a pine tree on its cover, and his normal pine tree hat. Because we are coming after you and getting Great Uncle Ford backâ€¦!

"DIPPER!"

The boy was then crushed by the sudden hug of his older twin sister. Mabel held him tightly, her arms more around his lower chest so she wouldn't hit his shoulders, as she was crying with happiness. How long was he out anyway?

"I thought you weren't going to wake up!" Mabel cried, her voice thick with emotion. "You had lost so much bloodâ€¦ you were going into shockâ€¦!"

"Heyâ€¦" Dipper says calmly. "I'm okay now, thanks to Nurse Mabel no doubt, right?" he gives his sister a small smile.

She nods. "Iâ€¦ had to stitch your shoulders upâ€¦ but it was hard without the right tools. Grunkle Stan managed to find a hospital and I used the sterile stuff in the packages to help you." She then gives him a smile. "Now I'm glad you made me read that book about first aid and even those medical procedure books, even if they were thick and grossâ€¦"

Dipper gives a small laugh, "See? Books aren't bad!"

"Yeah!" Mabel laughs back. She grabs his hand gently. "Let's go tell Grunkle Stan and the others you're okay!"

"Othersâ€¦?" he asked, his curiosity now getting the best of him.

"Yeahâ€¦ we managed to get by New York, so Bud Gleeful and his group met us here." she explained. Mabel then led Dipper to the cafeteria

where a bunch of people were sitting, eating food out of small bowels. They raised their heads when the twins entered, they all started to clap.

"Well, I'll be damned!" the southern drawl of Bud Gleeful cheered with enthusiasm as he approached them. "You actually survived that, young Dipper Pines!" he goes to give Dipper a firm pat on the shoulder until he realizes that's where the injuries were. "Oh, sorry! I actually forgot that's where you got hurtâ€|"

Dipper waves it off. "It's okay, you didn't hit it so you're good." A small chuckle comes from the both of them.

"You've gotten taller!" Bud exclaimed. "I remember when you were shorter than your sister!"

The boy squints his eyes angrily as he shouts, "ONE MILIMETER! YOU COULDN'T EVEN TELL!" Mabel laughs at him and soon others joined.

Stan then approached them and gave Dipper a small hug, careful of his shoulders. "Good to see you back among the living, kiddo." The young teenaged boy gives him a hug back, mentally hissing in pain from his shoulders.

"Stanley was telling me on how you've been hunting, and that you're pretty good at it." Bud chipped in. "He even said you took down your first deer within a few shots."

The young boy smiles, liking the praise. "Yeah, hunting is actually kind of fun. At first I was really terrible, I kept scaring everything away. It takes a lot of strategy-

Stan interrupts with his usual blunt demeanor, "Don't turn a manly sport into something nerdy, Dipper." The teenager smiles as his grunkle gives a slight chuckle, "I'm messing with ya, kiddo!" He then takes off Dipper's usual pine tree hat and gave the boy's brown hair a tussle and puts the hat back, but pulling it over his eyes in a joking manner.

As Dipper laughs Mabel then grabs his hand again and leads her brother to a table and goes and gets them some food. In a bowl was some sort of stew. Dipper takes a bite, it was a little bitter, but it was food nonetheless and he was starving. He then asks his sister, "How long was I out for?" going for another bite.

"About a week, you'd only wake up for a minute or some to drink something then crash right back to sleep." She replied as she stirred her stew.

He about choked on a chunk of potato. "A week!?" His thoughts went over to when he was with Bill in the woods.

I'll give you two weeks, Pine Tree.

And one of them was gone, just like that.

How the hell are we supposed to get the others, rescue Ford, and defeat Bill in a week!? Dipper was screaming in his mind, his eyes now glancing at everyone frantically. Could be Bill possessing

someone right nowâ€| watching him!? Amused that he is failing!?

"Hey, Dip'n Dot, are you okay?" Mabel asks gently as she places a hand on his arm, he seemed to be shaking.

"How far are we from New Jersey?" he firmly asks.

Mabel cocks her head to the side. "Umâ€| a few hours I thinkâ€|?  
That's what Grunkle Stan said-"

"When are we leaving?"

As Mabel opened her mouth to say something their grunkle walked over, most likely hearing their conversation. "We are leaving in an hour, I just wanted to make sure you were okay before we made any moves." He then sits next to his niece. "We are just grabbing any medical supplies and medicine. I also had to go find a new RVâ€| oursâ€| kind of brokeâ€| there was two small rooms so I moved your guys' stuff to them."

"I don't to be in my own room, Grunkle Stan." Mabel whispered.

"Me neither." Dipper joined.

Stan gives a small smile. "I figured that, so you two are sharing and I'm actually getting a bed! Trust me, my back has been killing me from sleeping on that seat!" He then laughs as he puts a hand to his lower back.

Bud then claps his hands loudly to get everyone's attention. Once the murmuring died down the stared at him with admiration. He must've been a good leader to them.

"Hello, y'all!" Bud started. "Now that young Dipper Pines is awake we will be heading to New Jersey to secure Old Man McGucket's tapestry." Some claps followed. "So, gather as much stuff as you canâ€| I'm talking blankets, medicines, packaged food and water, and whatever little stuff you think will be necessary. We will all be leaving in an hour!"

People then got up from their seat and began to leave the cafeteria. Dipper finally noticed that there were a few teenagers among them, small children, some elderly, and many young adults. He began to wonder where Bud found them all as he didn't recognize any of them from Gravity Falls.

After the hour passed all the people went to their respective cars and vans. Stan leads the kids to a much newer looking RV. Once inside Stan started the RV, the kids sitting at the slightly bigger table by the west window.

Soon everyone was on the road again, the twins noticing that the small children in the cars were looking out into the scenery. It seemed everyone had a new air about them, like they were filled with hope.

Bill can be defeated. He will be defeated.

However, a few hours laterâ€|

Dipper slips into his and Mabel's new room in the RV, Waddles curled up where his sister had her knitting stuff. The pink pig raises his head and Dipper gives him a pat on the head. He sits on the bed and pulls out one of his journals and rips a blank page out. After a moment's hesitation he began to write.

Once he was done he folds it up gently into a small square. His chest felt heavy as he looked through some of Mabel's stuff, trying to look for a place for the note. He places it at the very bottom of her craft basket, somewhere she will eventually find it, but not too soon. After he hides it he goes into the next room that was now Stan's and finds the memory gun in a box next to the small bed. Dipper picks it up and types in the information about the note and its hiding place.

"I'm sorry Mabel if it comes to thatâ€|" he whispers to himself as he puts the gun to his head. "It's a last resortâ€| and I hope it will never come to it." He pulls the trigger and he stands there. "Huhâ€|? What am I doing here?" he absently puts back the memory gun, not even thinking why he had it.

"Dipper!" he heard Mabel shout. "We're hereâ€| and you got to see this!"

Dipper exits the room and gets to the front the RV. Outside the window was a giant pyramid, very similar to Bill's in Gravity Falls. It was massive, a dull yellow in color. The pyramid looked as if it was literally just Bill with the exception of not having an eye. The entrance seemed to be at the north side of the pyramid, a black hallow.

"Soâ€| how do we get in?" Dipper asks, trying to see if there are any guards or traps.

There was a knock on the RV door and Bud enters, some papers in his hands. They were yellowed with age. "Well, hello!" Bud greeted. "I brought the papers you asked for, Stanley, where do you want them?"

"Give them to Dipper." Stan replied. Bud then hands the papers over to a surprised Dipper. "Before you ask, Dipper, you're getting the papers because out of everyone here, you're the one who truly knows how my brother wrote the journals. You've read and lived the journals, and I know you asked a bunch of questions to him about it, so you should be able to figure it out."

Dipper begins to read about Bill Cipher from Journal 2. It seemed a lot more positive than the entry from the third journal that Dipper had found. It was stating how Bill was an all-powerful being that had the ability show Ford the knowledge of the universe, and it told how to summon him. There was some basic magic at the bottom of it as well, words spelt oddly and circles were drawn all over.

"It looks like you can draw this circle on the ground and say some incantationsâ€|" Dipper paraphrased. "If we could figure out the right one and maybe place McGucket in the center we can save him." He points at one of the words: the Latin word meaning "reverse". \_This has to be itâ€| \_he thought to himself.

"Like a transmutation circle in alchemy?" Mabel asked, breaking his train of thought, trying to understand. Everyone stares at her.

"What? Soos and I watched a lot of anime at the Shack beforeâ€|" Mabel gives and smile and shrugs.

Dipper then blinks. "Yeahâ€| similarâ€|" he then rereads everything a second time. "We need to get in thereâ€|" gazing at the pyramid.

Bud then says, "Shouldn't be hard. There's only a few monsters at each pyramid, unless Bill was here. If Bill was here it would be crawling with more. Think of these demons here as house nannies, or house-keeping so to speak."

"So, we go in, kill the few demons, save McGucket and go on our happy merry way?" Stan asks with a grin. He already had a hunting rifle in his hands and cocks it, ready to go. "I'm in."

Bud nods, agreeing.

"Let's go get Old Man McGucket!" Dipper cheers, giving his sister a fist bump without even looking. That's how good they were being the Mystery Twins.

In less than fifteen minutes Dipper was wearing his hunting gear, but kept his normal hat instead of the camouflage one. His rifle was slung over his shoulder and a pistol in a holster at his side. Mabel wore a very similar attire to Dipper, except all the green was replaced with a pale pink. She held her grappling hook in her hand, excited to use it.

The rescue group consisted of Dipper, Mabel, Stan, Bud, and a couple of the young adults. They approached the pyramid, all with guns in hand, ready for anything. Only a few small demons were around, but Dipper and Stan took them down silently with a knife with a silent agreement between the two. It seemed more logical to knife them instead of drawing attention with the sound of a firing gun.

Once inside the main hall of the pyramid, what caught their attention was the giant throne in its center. The throne was made of the innocent people, faces contorted with pain and fear for eternity. On the wall behind it was the tapestry of McGucket, his spectacles symbol on the lower border.

Dipper had brought with him a can of blue spray paint and began drawing the circle on the ground he saw in the pages. After drawing the small symbols, many meaning "reverse" and "future", on the perimeter and drawing the design, a reverse hourglass, in the center and steps away. It seemed to glow for a momentâ€|

Mabel got her grappling hook and shot herself toward McGucket's tapestry. Once she was up there she took him off the wall and lowered herself to the ground. She quickly brings the tapestry to the center. "Soâ€| what do we do?" she then asks, putting the grappling hook away at her left hip.

Dipper goes through his memory banks, remembering an incantation. He then began to say the incantation in a low voice, "\*\_Converte as pristinum novum amplexi futura et praeterita obliviscentes tenebris.\_" The circle then glowed again, but it dimmed quickly.

Mabel then had an idea. "Heyâ€| since you, Grunkle Stan, and I are part of the wheelâ€| what if we held hands and did the incantation together?"

"It's worth a shot, Pumpkin!" Grunkle Stan then said excitedly as he approaches the circle. He and Mabel held hands as Dipper grabbed for theirs, a small circle of them.

"Ready?" Dipper asked. They nodded.

\_Convertete as pristinum novum amplecti futura et praeterita  
obliviscentes tenebris!\_"

The three Pines, the three of the wheel, said the incantation over and over as the circle glowed. The tapestry glowed a brilliant white and gotten a bit larger. It was then replaced by an elderly man, green lensed glasses on his face, and casts on his arms, him having a long white beard and wearing a brown patched up hat. His brown overalls over a dirty white t-shirt only had one strap functioning, the other slid off his shoulder. One his feet were not shoes, but something that looked like bandages wrapped around only the middle of his feet.

The old man looks up, seeing the three. "Woah! What did I miss?" He gets up and looks around. "This seems like a different place than beforeâ€|" he puts a hand to head and scratches.

"Yeah, McGucketâ€| it's been a year and a half." Stan explained.  
"Fordâ€| gave himself to Bill to try to save myself and the kidsâ€|"

McGucket gives a soft sigh. "Ford would do something like thatâ€| let me guess, you three are trying to get the wheel back together right?" He gives a half-toothed grin as he slaps his knee.

Dipper nods. "Yeah, we are going to rescue Great Uncle Ford and defeat Bill, once and for all." His voice was filled, at least he hoped, with determination.

"Well, you got the spectacles now!" McGucket gives a wink.

\*Authors note: Reverse to the original form, forget the dark past and embrace the new future.

## 10. Chapter 10: The Star with the Eye

\*\*Chapter 10: The Star with the Eye in the Center\*\*

\_WHAT! ?\_"

Bill was a deep red, his eye pure black with a yellow slit of a pupil. All around him his normal blue flames were a crimson red. The fire spread throughout the room, turning each blue flamed torch into a red one. The fire licked up the walls, nothing to burn.

Ford stayed close to the throne, the flames getting too near him. He could tell Bill was beyond pissed. Butâ€| what was he so mad

about?

In front of the throne groveled a low level demon, looking to what everyone would call an "ogre". It was shaking with fear, its black, beady eyes wide.

"So you're telling me that those MEAT BAGS ENTERED THE NEW JERSEY PYRAMID AND FREED SPECTACLES!?" Bill was screaming in his shrill tone, the flames getting more intense with each passing word, cracking the walls and seeping through.

The lowly demon slowly nodded, shaking in the knees.

Bill snapped his fingers with the look of death in his eyes, screaming loudly in full on fury. The lowly demon screamed as its very fabric of being was being torn apart. All was left was a pile of ribbon-like flesh and bones. With another snap it was incinerated with red fire.

The triangular demon then claps his hands, more demons arriving. "I want every pyramid heavily guarded! Texas, Greenland, Italy, ALL OF THEM!" Bill ordered, his flames so intense that Ford's clothes were singed. The demons then rushed out, preparing troops.

"Well, well, Cipher," Ford then grinned, his voice amused. "Seems like you're going to be in trouble." He closes his eyes with a laugh.

Cipher then appears in front of his puppet's face as his eyes opened. Ford jumped, startled. Bill's eye was still pitch black, his pupil now red, clearly infuriated.

"I suggest you watch your tone, Stanford." Bill stated. "You don't want to do anything you will regret even when you're long dead, right?" Ford knew exactly what he meant and kept his mouth shut. "Now!" Bill continued. "To make sure those meat bags don't get Gideon Gleeful!"

\* \* \*

><p>According to Bud Gleeful the next stop was Texas.</p>

Texas is where Gideon's tapestry was. When Mabel asked about why in Texas the older Gleeful explained that their family was from there.

Fiddleford McGucket sat in the RV with the twins, them explaining to him what happened in the last year and a half. At the front of the RV Stan and Bud were discussing over a map, finding the best route.

"It seems a lot has happened!" McGucket finally whispered as the twins had finished their tale. He was wearing the sweater that Mabel had made for him, it looking actually a little big for him. Apparently him being in the tapestry didn't freeze time, he had new wrinkles and his bears was longer. His body was thinner than before, and he ate at least three bowls of the hare soup that Stan had made before finally feeling full.

Dipper then asks him, "Were you aware of anything while being a tapestry?"

"I reckon I doâ€œ; a little bit." McGucket replied, slapping his knee.  
"I remember Bill going there once in a whileâ€œ; butâ€œ;"

"Don't force yourself, McGucket." Dipper says to him. "It'll come to you in time." The old man then nods. Dipper excuses himself and goes up front, Bud and Stan arguing about a certain route.

"Stanley, that's the fastest way—" Bud was explaining, but was interrupted.

"No, there is too many demons in that sector." Stan argued. "I'm not bringing the kids through that! And you have youngsters with your group as well!"

Bud grumbles, "Well, we do have weapons, Stanley."

"If we can find a store that has a sniper rifle or more scopes for the hunting rifle, you can park a distance away and I'll get the numbers down." Dipper then walked into the conversation.

Stan looked uneasy. "I don't know, Dipper—"

"Come on, Grunkle Stan, you know I can do it, long distance is my specialty." The boy insisted. "And we're not kids anymore you knowâ€œ; Mabel and I know how to handle ourselves." In a way Dipper regretted saying that. A sad look passed over Stan's face, as if he knew he was going to be told that someday, but it seemed too soon.

After a long minute Stan finally said, "Alrightâ€œ; we'llâ€œ; stop somewhere and get you a sniper rifle I guessâ€œ;" he sounded uneasy. "We'll go with your route, Bud. And we'll go with your plan, Dipper."

Dipper gives a victorious smile and goes to Mabel, who was knitting again. This time she was knitting a powder blue sweater. She was making it about the same size as McGucket's, the center having a star with an eye in the middle. It was for Gideon. Mabel had always been good with her crafts, but now after knitting pretty much nonstop for a year and a half she has gotten to the point where she can make sweaters within a couple of hours.

After the completion of the sweater she holds it up. "As much as he was a creep back then, I do hope he likes it!" she gives a smile.

"He's the reason why we were able to get you from the bubble." Dipper says as he sits next to her, wincing from his shoulders. "He made the choice to let us through as he went and fought Bill. That's why he was in that cage."

Mabel gives him a wide eyed look. She had completely forgotten about that. She nods as she folds the sweater neatly and places it on the table. "And when I see him I will thank him, I didn't when we were doing the wheel the first timeâ€œ;" she kind of felt guilty about it.

The RV started moving, Dipper looking out the window. Mabel was making sure they had some water stocked up, recording the number and then handing one to her brother and to McGucket, whom after drinking

the water fell asleep. The twins sat in silence, wondering what was going to happen next.

At some point Dipper had dozed off, his mind a dark empty space. In his dream he was walking around, wondering why everything was just black. He finds a door, a deep red wood with a bronze handle. His hand reaches to it and firmly grasps the handle and clicks it open.

A pair of golden eyes appeared in the doorway.

Dipper yelps and jumps back, hands going to his gun in his holster. However, his hand went to an empty space, the gun was nowhere to be seen. With his heart pounding, he was panicking as he backed up.

\_ "Hello, Pine Tree!" \_ Bill Cipher greeted in Dipper's mind space.

"GET OUT OF MY HEAD!" Dipper screams at him. "GET THE HELL OUT!"

The scenery changed all of a sudden, he was now in Bill's grip, along with Mabel. Bill was so massive, his pupil the shape of a pine tree. Then to the shooting star. Dipper's heart drops, this was when Bill was about to kill Mabel.

\_ No. No. NO! \_

Bill fingers snap and Mabel screams in pain, dying. Her face going pale, her voice dying outâ€| her body going limpâ€|

\_ "NO!" \_

Dipper screams as he was suddenly being shaken, his sister looking at him with worried brown eyes. He was shaking and breathing heavily, and the moment he saw his twin his eyes filled with tears and he hugs her tightly.

\_ It was just a nightmareâ€| a nightmare. It wasn't realâ€| Mabel is right hereâ€| she's aliveâ€| \_ Dipper repeated this in head over and over as he just hugged his sister, tears streaming down his face.

Mabel knew he had a nightmare, and hugged him close too. For the last few months her brother has been waking up in cold sweats and crying and as soon as he sees Mabel hugs her.

"It's okay, Dipper, I'm okay." She whispers to him. Her brother nods as she rubs his back to comfort him.

After about a half hour Dipper calmed down and wiped his tears away. He takes a few deep breaths to calm himself and to regain composure. Dipper then gets up from his seat and goes to the small room that they shared saying he needed to rest for a bit, Mabel instantly worried. He assured her that he was fine and that if he was needed he would be in the room.

The bed they shared was about the same size as the one from the previous RV, covered in all the blankets Mabel had made. A lot of the blankets had a pine tree and a shooting star woven together all over

the blanket. Dipper goes to his right-handed side of the bed, the side he normally sleeps on, and sits down. He takes a journal out from one of his boxes of stuff, a black covered book with a green pine tree on it, and went to the next blank page. His pen scribbled frantically as he described his nightmare, all the details. Once he was done he goes through the book, noticing he's had the same nightmare multiple times.

Staring at the entries of his journal, his heart felt heavy. His sister and his grunkles were the only family members he had left. His twin was everything to him, they had been together through thick and thin their entire lives. If something happened to Mabelâ€|

The RV stopped and Grunkle Stan called, "Dipper!"

Dipper hides his journal again in his box and walks out of the small room and to the front of the RV. Bud Gleeful was holding a black sniper rifle and a box of ammo for it. As soon as Bud saw the teenager he holds out the gun to him.

"I stopped somewhere and got it," Bud explained in his usual drawl. "I have a faster car than this RV, so it made sense that I could catch up."

Dipper holds the sniper, a grin on his face. It looked much more complex than his hunting rifle, but at the same time it felt familiar in his hands. He takes the strap and slings it over his shoulder.

"Ready whenever you guys are." He told the older men.

Stan then walks toward the small RV kitchen and messes with the ladder attachment that was on the ceiling. He removes it and attaches it to the appropriate hinges and opens the hatch that leads to the roof. Stan gestures for Dipper to follow and climbs the ladder.

The scenery before them was a dead landscape, the ground a mixture of orange and brown dirt, and any trees was just black twigs coming from the ground. They were literally on top of a large hill, before them was a large horde of demons. At some distance away there were more.

"Oh, shitâ€|" Dipper whispered. "That... is a lot more than I thought."

"Same here," Stan agreed. "It looks as though they are traveling the same road we are. No doubt Bill found out about us saving McGucket. He probably sent in reinforcements to try to block us."

"Wellâ€| I might as well get started." Dipper then gets into a comfortable position and props his sniper rifle. His eye goes to the scope and he zooms in. He aims for the head and pulls the trigger. The bullet zips through the air and hits right on the mark. The teenager then heard other gunshots as well. Stan was in position too with a different sniper rifle, taking out some demons too. Bud was more by his car with another sniper rifle. A few other people were contributing too.

"Did you think I was just gonna let you do it alone, Dipper?" Grunkle Stan asks with a wink.

Dipper gives a small smile and continues his mission. A few of the demons noticed the gunshots and started coming towards them, but with the snipers they didn't get very far. After an hour or so the number dwindled down drastically. With a signal from Stan the teenager follows him back inside the RV. Stan then starts the RV and floors it toward the few remaining demons, swerving out of the way to dodge them and to confuse them.

Bud radios Stan to tell him the coordinates of the next pyramid just as they passes a sign that said "Welcome to Texas". Stan gets on the nearest freeway and follows the coordinates, Bud's car in front leading. The line of cars was going at top speed, each excited to get to their destination.

Dipper was sitting in the passenger seat of the RV when the image of the pyramid started getting bigger and bigger. This pyramid was similar to the last one, except it was more of a brown color than yellow. The teenager says for his grunkle to stop and he climbs onto the roof of the RV, it now slowing to a complete stop. Dipper gets his sniper and looks at the pyramid through the scope.

\_Three demon guardsâ€| \_Dipper thought to himself. \_Probably more insideâ€|\_

He aimed for the one closest and pulls the trigger. As that one fell to the ground dead, the other looks around confused until Dipper sent another bullet straight at it. He then went back inside the RV and told Stan to continue forward. Stan pulls up by the pyramid, Bud there as well.

McGucket gets out of the RV first, a bat in his hand. When Mabel had offered a gun the old man had declined. He claimed he wasn't sane enough to have one yet, he didn't trust himself and he didn't want anyone getting hurt. So, he stuck with a bat as it had the same weight to his banjo he used to use as a weapon.

"Alright guys," Dipper whispered as the group hugged the wall of the entrance of the pyramid. "There are most likely more demons insideâ€| so be on the lookout."

The group enters the throne room, looking identical to the last one. The only difference was instead of McGucket's tapestry, there was Gideon's. Gideon's tapestry depicted him in its center with his symbol of the star with the eye as the bottom border.

And the room was clear of demonsâ€|

"Mabel, if you will." Dipper gestures from her to Gideon's tapestry. "May he have his knight in shining armor." He added with a smirk.

"Shut up!" his sister snapped as she took out her grappling hook. As she aimed the room shook, causing some people to lose their balance.

The throne crumbled, each person that was a piece of the throne fell and as some reanimated and ran away, others got crushed into powder. What was coming from beneath the throne was long looking, and it slithered out from the hole that was apparently underneath the

throne.

Appearing in front of them was a giant demonic snake. Its scales were a bright orange color, its beady red eyes glowing with fury. The snake had long, sword-like fangs erupting from its mouth as it was open wide, hissing.

"Mabel! go after the tapestry!" Dipper ordered. "We'll distract this thing!" he gets out his pistol and shot at the snake, getting its attention. As it hissed and lunged at Dipper, he dodged it and Stan from a distance with his sniper shot the snake in the right eye.

Mabel shot her grappling hook toward Gideon and pulled herself to it. As she was flying through the air the snake saw it with his good eye and went to lunge again. The girl saw the snake move and with her free hand took out her pistol and shot its other eye as it barely just missed her. She gets to Gideon's tapestry and removes it quickly. She saw that the snake was shaking its head violently as more bullets began piercing it from a distance. Mabel saw this as her chance to lower herself down and run toward the exit.

The pyramid shook again as the snake used its tail-end to smack against the wall, Debris from above fell, huge chunks of rock beginning to fall. That's when Mabel got an idea!

"Guys!" she screamed out. Stan stopped shooting and looked over to his great niece as she ran to him, Gideon's tapestry draped over her left arm. "Keep getting it to hit the walls, maybe we can get this pyramid to crumble on top of it."

"Sounds like a plan, sweetie." Stan gives a thumbs up as the snake hissed loudly, now blindly lunging toward any noise. "You and your brother get out of here!" Mabel nods as she runs toward her brother, who had his pistol out, and grabbed his arm and began dragging him out.

Bud then approaches Stan. "I'm sorry in the past we didn't really get along, Stanley." He began as he shoots with the sniper at the wall for the snake to lunge at, hearing the ricochet.

"Yeah, but we're friends now, so we're good." Stan replies, following Bud's example.

"Just make sure Gideon is okay, ya hear?" Bud then states. "And get the rest of the wheel together, my group knows the other locations and I already had sent two groups for Soos and Pacifica. Defeat Bill, Stanley, you and the rest."

"Wait! what are you-?" Stan was trying to say but was interrupted when someone that was part of Bud's group began pulling Stan away, debris falling. "Bud?!" Stan screamed as the large man gave a salute and then was blocked by a rock. Everyone was outside at this point, except for Bud and one other person.

As Stan's brown eyes were wide with horror, being forced away by someone dragging him, the rest of the pyramid crumbled down. A loud hiss rang through the wasteland, a sound of death. As the dust settled around the group, Stan then fell to his knees after the dragging stopped.

"That idiotâ€|" he whispered. "He sacrificed himselfâ€| and he didn't even get to see his kidâ€|"

Dipper then takes off his hat, out of respect for the dead, and places it over his heart. Anyone else with a hat followed suit, all them hanging their heads low. Mabel chokes back a sob, gripping Gideon's tapestry in her hands. The group did a silent vigil for their fallen leader and comrade.

After mourning for a few minutes Dipper takes out his spray paint and makes a new circle. When he was done Mabel sets Gideon's tapestry in the center. The twins held hands and McGucket joins right after. Despite him still grieving, Stan goes over to the circle as well, knowing that he has to help.

The group says the incantation together in sync many times, the circle glowing a brilliant white. The tapestry changes form into a chubby boy with tall white hair. He was wearing a baby blue colored suit with a bolo tie, his shoes black, and a small pin of the American flag was over his left breast.

Gideon Gleeful looks around, seeing the group. "Whatâ€| what in the world happened?" he asks, his voice slightly shaky.

"Your dad became a hero to make sure you would be savedâ€|" Stan responds, his voice thick and hoarse.

The star with the eye in its center, Gideon, began to quiver his lip, and tears began to fall.

## 11. Chapter 11: The Six-Fingered Hand's Day

### \*\*Chapter 11: The Six-Fingered Hand's Day\*\*

Since day one Stanford Pines was a puppet for Bill Cipher to use, as agreed with their deal.

After a week of making the deal Ford was forced to where the stupid getup that he is now known for. He always had to wear the long yellow coat, the dress pants and shoes, the top hat, black gloves, and the bow tie. At one point he did wear a triangular eye patch over one of his eyes, but it was scrapped, Bill saying it was almost insulting to him because of his one eye. Ford still wore his glasses though, since obviously he has had vision problems for most of his life.

Ford's day starts the same every day. He wakes up in a cell with the collar and chain around his neck on a stiff bed. There is always a tiny plate of food and a glass of water on a small table in the corner, it was usually bread and an apple, depending on Bill's mood; if Bill was angry the food then becomes so disgusting it made prison food look like a five star rated meal.

After Ford would his food he sits in a chair where he had a pathetic excuse of a puzzle book waiting for him. It was infinite pages, with such simple puzzles that he could solve hundreds in less than an hour. Ford would normally try to sleep more, but his mind scape is always haunted by Bill.

These images that Bill implants in Ford's head is unspeakable. Many of the times it images of his family dying while he watches in agony. Sometimes it was when he and Stanley were younger, in their childhood, which they would be screamed at by their father, reminding Ford that night when his twin was kicked out and forced to be homeless. Other times it was when Bill actually killed Mabel, or even tortured Dipper.

And Bill loved to tell Ford on how he would use Dipper as his puppet, to torture his family and to kill his own sister. The images of Dipper with glowing, yellow eyes disturbs the old scientist.

As Ford sat in his cell, eating a pitifully small apple while doing his useless puzzle book, he hears a thunderous roar of flame. He sighs, he knows Bill is angry.

\_ "ARE YOU KIDDING ME!?" \_ Bill roars in anger from his throne room.  
\_ "YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT THEY GOT GIDEON GLEEFUL!?" \_ Something explodes, no doubt a wall was obliterated.

\_ Good job, guysâ€|\_ Ford smiles to himself. He knew his brother and the kids would try to get the wheel back together. Ford knew this as soon as Bill had mentioned that Stan had been planning something.  
\_ Keep it upâ€|\_

Ford knew where the other tapestries were, he had visited them as Bill's puppet. Soos was in Mexico, the reason being because of his Latino heritage. Pacifica was in South America, and Bill's reason was because there was a lot of llamas there. Wendy was in Greenland, the land covered in ice and snow. And Robbie was in Italy, that being because his last name being Valentino.

Bill had odd ways of choosing the places for themâ€|

Like how Fiddleford's tapestry was in New Jersey. Ford and Fiddleford went to college there together, at Backupsmore University. Or Gideon's was in Texas because of family being from thereâ€|

There was another roar and something else exploded. Bill was \_pissed\_. Ford had no doubt in his mind that at some point during the day Bill will use Ford to kill humans to calm his angerâ€| memories of piling bodies fills Ford's mind as he shakes his head.

\_ "And nowâ€| you're telling me that the Question Mark and the Llama are missing too?!" \_ Bill's shrill voice shrieks. The sounds of screaming demons fills the pyramid, Bill mercilessly killing them.

Bill Cipher then appears in front Ford, who had dropped his book and apple in the sudden surprise. The apple rolled on the ground in front of Bill, it started to shrivel up and brown and soon was turned into charcoal from his flames. It eroded away into dust.

"You and I are going to have a little \_fun\_ today, Fordsy!" Bill informed angrily, each word fueling his fire.

And Ford knew what he meant. He gets up and puts on his long yellow coat and accessories he absolutely hated. He fixed the top hat on his head so that it was straight/

Bill then snaps his fingers, the collar and chain around Ford's neck disappearing. The old scientist then ties up the bow tie to complete the look of the human puppet. Ford holds out his hand and Bill grasps it. Bill's form turned into stone as he went and possessed Ford's body. There was no time for cackling at the misery of Fordâ€| he had people to kill.

\_Then\_ he would cackle with joy.

Using Ford's body, Bill goes to his map of known human populated areas. He sees the biggest one had about 100,000 people living nicely in a city in the Midwestern part of the United States. Since day one this city had pledge its allegiance to Bill, putting up statues of him in his honor and worshiping him.

And he was going to \_kill them all today.\_

\_All because Pine Tree and the rest of them had piss him off.\_

Bill uses Ford to snap his fingers, a portal forming in front of him. He steps through, seeing the town that worshipped him as a god.

\_And they were going to feel a demon's wrathâ€|\_

With a delirious cackle of laughter, Bill-Ford's hands glows with bright red flames. He throws the fire into the streets and it begins to spread. As soon as a flamed licked over a person, it slowly burned them alive as their skin turns into a charcoal black, splitting to have yellow fat and red blood escape their useless bodies.

People were screaming. People were praying. People were running. People were \_dying\_.

As Bill cackles as he uses his flames to engulf an entire building of innocent people, Ford was biting back his sorrow and guilt. Ford was aware of everything Bill did with his bodyâ€| He felt the intense flames of Bill's killing his nerve endings in his hands. He felt his chest tighten with complete depression of sadness, seeing people begging to hold on to their lives.

Flames engulf the town, people screaming in pure agony. The dead lie in the streets, people burnt to a crisp. Some people who were still alive were trying to crawl away, the fat and blood oozing from their split skin. Bill uses his powers to lift many of the burning people and forces them into a certain shapeâ€| A shape of a throne.

\_ "I think I'll make a new throne for my main pyramidâ€|" \_mused Bill. \_"Ohâ€| how these screams of eternal pain bring joy to meâ€|!" \_The people screamed in agony, blood slowly dripping. He was using his powers to keep him alive for as long as he wanted, making them beg for death. But of course, Bill wouldn't give it to them.

Ford couldn't believe this was happening, his internal mind screaming with sorrow. He wanted Bill to stop, to stop making him kill innocent people. Ford knew Bill was doing it because of how the rest of the Pines were screwing the demon over.

\_But Bill is going to go after Dipper in less than a weekâ€|\_ Ford thought in the deepest part of his mind.

\_Pleaseâ€| get the rest of the tapestriesâ€| hurryâ€|\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AUTHORS NOTE:<strong> Sorry for this slightly boring chapter after the last one. I figured people would want to know a bit about Ford's day with Bill and how Bill is angry about how they're getting the tapestries.

Thanks for reading everyone! It means a lot!

~Skye Hendersen~

## 12. Chapter 12: Questions and Llamas

\*\*Chapter 12: Questions and Llamas\*\*

A small grave site was put a little ways from the collapsed pyramid, a small fire before the two wooden crosses.

On the one board attached to a cross for the young man that stayed with Bud it said how he was brave and an amazing big brother. The young man was only 18, leaving his two younger sisters and brother behind.

For Bud's it said how he was a great leader and brave. Gideon then adds about him being an amazing father, and how he will be missed so much. The young boy had found his father's hat he had always worn in Gravity Falls in his car and placed it before the makeshift grave.

"I'm so sorry, Dadâ€|" Gideon whispers as tears fell. "I always treated you and Ma so terriblyâ€| I'm such a terrible sonâ€| and now you're gone, and I can never apologize for what I have done."

Mabel approaches him and puts a hand on his shoulder. "He knows you're sorryâ€|" she tells him. "If he didn't forgive you or love you, why would he sacrifice himself to make sure you got out safely?" When the boy does a small gasp Mabel hugs him. "And I forgive you tooâ€| and thank you for letting my brother help save me."

"Mabelâ€|" he responds. "â€| Thank you for your kindnessâ€| even though I truly don't deserve itâ€|"

Mabel gives him a sad look. "Gideonâ€| you made a mistake. Even Grunkle Ford and Dipper have made a bad deal with Bill." She tells him. "But, you know now what you did is wrong and that you want to be a good person. That's all it matters."

Gideon's eyes filled with tears as he then hugs her back. "Thank you, Mabel. And I'm sorry for all the trouble that I had caused you and your familyâ€| I even had summoned Bill because I was so angry... Maybe if I hadn't done thatâ€| we wouldn't be here now."

Dipper glances over from a little ways behind Mabel. He was there making sure that Gideon didn't try anything with his sister, even though the kid was on their side now, Dipper just didn't like the idea of him dating his sister. Or a lot of guys for that matter. It

was a brother instinct to protect, even Stan didn't like it and was a great uncle.

"Gideon, either way Bill would've found a way to get back to our dimension. If he hadn't used you, I know he probably would've used me since I'm similar to Great Uncle Ford." Dipper then states as he walks up to them. "It's not your fault, it's not Great Uncle Ford's faultâ€| it's \_no one's.\_ It's all Bill's." Dipper starts fuming, just thinking of Bill was ticking him off. "That stupid, floating demonic triangle is a selfish, belittling, hubris \_asshole\_! He would kill his own kind no doubt just to get what he wants. Bill takes the one good thing about you and twists it up to something horrible for him to use for himselfâ€|"

Dipper then thought of how Mabel described how when she gave the rift to Bill willingly. He was using her sadness of not wanting summer to end to empower over her to get it. He used her innocence and trust and ripped it from her when he smashed the rift to unleash Weirdmageddon. Mabel still blames herself for it to this day, waking up from nightmares of that encounter and her Mabel Land bubble.

"Dipperâ€|" Mabel whispers as she hugs him. "Don't get yourself worked upâ€| you're still injured you know. Stress will make you heal less quicklyâ€|"

Dipper points at the stress lines by his eyes. "I kind of can't stop stressingâ€| I've had anxiety all my life." He then absently rubs his shoulders gently, them throbbing from the recoil of the guns firing.

Mabel shrugs. "Yeahâ€| you've had those since we were like, nine." She was actually starting to develop her own form of stress lines by her eyes, they were still very thin. She had honestly thought the lines run in the family as their dad had them, Grandpa Shermie had them, and now obviously the three most important men in her life right now have them.

Stan then walks over, still a sad look over his face. He had something in his hand, a small square of a note. He walked past the kids and went to Bud's grave. As Stan sighed sadly he digs a little bit by the cross so he could bury the note. After he was finished he walked back by the kids, Gideon shifting nervously.

"Come on, kiddos." He said hoarsely. "We gotta leave nowâ€| according to one of the people from Bud's group they had contact with the two groups that were in charge of getting Soos' and Pacifica's tapestries. We are gonna meet them at the border of Mexico."

Gideon hangs his head low at the mention of his late father. He looks around to see the group of people going to their respective vehicles, some children going with their parents.

"Come on, Gideon." Stan called out, he and the kids were already about half way to the RV. "You gotta come too." He was waving his arm over to get Gideon to follow.

"Meâ€|?" Gideon questioned. "After all I've done to you and your familyâ€|? You would actually have me travel with you guys?"

Stan then walks over and puts a hand on the young boy's shoulder. "Look, kid, I know we've had our differences in the pastâ€| but, the time is different now. We have to band together to stop Bill. Yes, you've made bad choices, but that is the part of growing up, you live and learn. You lived with the choice of choosing Bill and you learned how terrible he is and then you made a choice to fight against him.

"You took your lesson in the end to help people. You \_learned\_ to be a better Gideon Gleeful. And you're still young, you're still gonna make a few bad choicesâ€| and take it from me, I've made many bad decisions in my youth. The difference between myself and you is that \_you \_will\_ make the better choice to be a better person before it becomes too late." He does a small pause then adds, "Besidesâ€| I owe your father, and he asked me to make sure you'll be okay. So, you're with us now."

Gideon looks up to Stan, tears in his eyes. He nods frantically and actually gives the old man a hug. He was apologizing for all he had done, and was thanking Stan for giving him a second chance. Stan then leads Gideon to the RV, Dipper and Mabel already inside, and takes the boy to the kitchen table.

Soon the RV starts and moves to their next destination. Mabel then gives Gideon the sweater she made him, him saying thanks and putting it on. The two talk for a few, even McGucket joining in on the conversation of what recently happened. Dipper still sat a little ways, reading.

"Dipper Pines," Gideon whispers to him when he addressed the brunette teenager. Dipper looks up, slowly closing his book. "I'mâ€| just here to say thank you for what you said back there."

Dipper smiles. "Hey, it's no problem, man." He says it nonchalantly.

Gideon then smiles as he gets up and walks to the small kitchen, looking for a little snack. From his time in the tapestry he had lost weight just like McGucket. Dipper then follows, a slight dark thought in his head.

"Ohâ€| and by the wayâ€|" Dipper says lowly to Gideon as he goes in the fridge and gets a couple of waters, handing one to Gideon. The teenager then moves his sweater slightly to reveal his gun at his holster. "Don't mess with my sister, got it? We won't have any problems." Dipper puts the fabric over again and gives an innocent smile, like he just didn't threaten someone. Gideon gives a wide-eyed look and nods. "Alright then!" Dipper then sits back at the table next to Mabel.

The skies outside became dark over the course of their travels. Stan said he would continue to drive, offering McGucket his own bed. The grunkle claimed he wasn't really tired and if he drove more with the people of the wheel they could meet up with the others faster to get the two tapestries. Gideon just stayed in the front seat with Stan, a map in hand to help navigate.

Mabel and Dipper then go to their small room. Waddles oinked with greeting as he goes up to Mabel. She gives her dear pet a pat on his head as she goes to the bed to settle. Dipper takes some pain

medication that they had taken from the hospital, his shoulder's throbbing.

"You okay, Dipper?" Mabel asks, worried. He nods. "You sure?"

"Shoulders hurtâ€¢ that's all." Dipper replies as he gets on the other side of the bed the twins shared. He honestly felt like a little kid sleeping in the same bed as his sister. They used to do it all the time when they were very little, both being afraid of thunderstorms at the time.

"Goodnight, bro-bro." Mabel yawns as she closes her eyes, the blanket up to her chin.

"Goodnight, Mabel." Dipper yawns as well. He closes his eyes, but it seemed like he couldn't sleep. All he heard in his head was the cackle of Bill Cipher, images of a town burning flashing in his mind.

Eventually daylight crosses the twins' faces. Both groaned and tried to roll over, but ended up bumping heads. They both sat up and gave a small chuckle as they rubbed their heads. After a few minutes of sitting in the bed, petting Waddles, they get up and leave the room, realizing that the RV had stopped.

"Morning, Grunkle Stan!" both the kids said in their twin unison. Then they did it again to greet McGucket and Gideon.

"Morning, knuckleheads." Stan greets them back, giving them both a quick noogie to their heads. Dipper knew it was coming as he wasn't wearing his hat, afterwards he puts it on. "Those two groups radioed me in the middle of the night saying they would be at our location by noon today, so in just a few hours we get two more of our wheel."

Dipper grins, although it seemed a little fake. In the back of his mind he couldn't thinking about Bill's deadline.

\_Two weeks.\_

From the boy's math he would think that he had five days left.

\_Is that even enough time to get to the other tapestries?\_ Dipper thought to himself anxiously. \_We don't even know where Wendy's and Robbie's areâ€¢\_

Stan had put plates on the table, some thinly sliced meat from a hare to be like bacon on it. There was also eggs of various kinds, when Stan and Dipper hunt they raid whatever bird's nests they could find to get eggs. The makeshift family ate together at the small table, the twins and Gideon on one side while Stan and McGucket were on the other.

There was static from the radio and Stan checks it.

\_"Hello, this is Melody from Group Question Mark."\_ A female said.

"Waitâ€¢ \_Melody\_!?" Mabel screeches with excitement.

"As inâ€| \_Soos' girlfriend\_?!" adds Dipper, equally as excited.

\_ "Oh, is that Dipper and Mabel? Hello again you two!"\_ Melody greets. \_ "Mr. Pines, we should be at your location in precisely fifteen minutes, we met up with the Llama group so they'll be arriving with us."\_

"Excellent!" Stan cheers. "We'll be right here, we got Gideon and Old Man McGucket."

Fifteen minutes pass and everyone was outside the RV. A total of about five cars was in the distance and they pulled up next to the RV. Melody gets out of the passenger side of a car, holding Soos's tapestry, and Manly Dan came out of another with Pacifica's.

"Woah!" Mabel screams in delight, recognizing Manly Dan's red hair, the same hair that Wendy inherited. "They're from Gravity Falls! Those guys made it out!"

Melody and Manly Dan walk up to Stan with grins on their faces. Dipper was already drawing the circle on the ground and doing the little details, getting ready for the tapestries.

"While we were getting these," Melody was saying to Stan when Dipper returned. "The demons were saying how furious Bill was and that he was sending for guards to Greenland and Italy."

"Greenland and Italyâ€|?" Stan questions.

"Greenland is where Wendy is!" Manly Dan bellowed in his usual gruff tone. "She's ice right? Greenland has a lot of snow!"

"Isn't that Icelandâ€|?" asked Stan, scratching his head.

"Noâ€| they're switched." Dipper explains.

Stan then grunts, "What? So, when they made the stupid map of the world they got mixed up or something? Like the guy that was mass producing them was all like, 'Oh shit, I messed upâ€| it's too late now! It's got to stay this way for the rest of history!'"?

Dipper then takes Soos' tapestry and puts it in the middle of the circle. "We are going to do one at a time," he explained. "That way we will have an extra hand for the next one." The group then joins hands and forms their partial wheel. Dipper then quickly informs Gideon on the incantation.

The group says their incantation as the circle and tapestry glows a brilliant light. After a few short minutes the tapestry was formed into a large man wearing a green cap on his head, his shirt bearing a large question mark on the front.

"Hey, what's up dudes?" Soos then screams loudly as he saw his three favorite Pines. He goes up and hugs both Dipper and Mabel close to him. "Man, I'm glad to see you two dudes! Woah, Dipper, you're actually taller than Mabel now! No more being one millimeter shorter!"

Dipper laughs and Mabel joins in. "We missed you too, Soos!" they both cried joyfully.

Stan gives a smile, seeing the kids and Soos be happy. He remembered when Soos was a little kid, about 8 or 9 years old coming to the Shack. Stan "hired" the kid on the spot to be the handyman, knowing that the kid was living with Abuelita alone. He had even made sure that if anything happened to Abuelita he would take care of Soos, knowing that the kid had an absent father.

"Mr. Pines!" Soos then cries out, giving his employer and father figure, an enormous hug. Stan groans painfully from it, but he still smiled and laughed nonetheless. "Oh man, I missed you!"

"I missed ya too, Soos." Stan honestly said.

"Now we just need Pacifica!" Mabel cheerfully says as she gets the tapestry from Manly Dan. "Dipper, tell Soos the spell!" she places the tapestry in the circle.

"Incantation." Dipper corrects.

"Same thing!" his sister retorts.

Once again they gathered hand in hand with their makeshift wheel. Saying the incantation once again, the circle and tapestry glowed a brilliant white. The time was even shorter than the last time, their circle becoming stronger with each growing person. In the center had a young teenaged girl at about the same height as Mabel. She had long blonde hair and piercing green eyes, her wearing a tan colored sweater with a llama on it.

"Waitâ€| what?" Pacifica gasped. She looked all around, seeing how people were changed. "What in the world just happenedâ€|?"

"We saved you, duh." Dipper replied bluntly.

Pacifica barely recognized him as he was actually taller than his twin sister. If it weren't for the blue and white pine tree hat and his slightly pink nose she wouldn't have even known it was him.

"Yay!" Mabel cheers, her running up to Pacifica and giving her a hug. "We got another girl! As much as I love you two—" Mabel gestures to her brother and grunkle. "-it really sucks living with boys all the time!"

Dipper and Stan give a laugh, agreeing with her. "Yeah, we're terrible to live with!" Stan joked.

They now have Soos and Pacifica for their group. They only need three people now: Wendy, Robbie, and Ford.

\_But can we make it in timeâ€|?\_ Dipper thinks to himself as he looks around their group, worry in his eyes.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AUTHOR'S NOTES:</strong> Hello everyone! Thank you for reading again, it's amazing seeing how many people actually like

this!

So, we are getting to the point where the story is going to take a drastic turn, so I hope you guys are ready!

Also, if you guys have questions for me about the plot or theories, please let me know on my tumblr, jlandersen01 !

And, if anyone is good at drawing, can someone help me making art for this? Please and thank you!

And really, thanks again for reading!

~Skye Hendersen~

### 13. Chapter 13: The Pine Tree and the Llama

\*\*Chapter 13: The Pine Tree and the Llama\*\*

There was now a plan to try to get to a port city somewhere near the border of the country, they needed a boat to get to Europe.

The main adults of the group -Stan, Melody, and Manly Dan- were trying to decide the best city to go to. Now that the group Bud was leading had finally caught up there were small children again, so they had to be smart because of demon activity. That's when Stan had an idea.

"Well, now that we got Gideon, Soos, and Pacifica we can train them to use a weapon too." Stan pointed out. "We have more than enough weapons and ammunition, so if we have more people with the ability to use them we can get through those shithead monster easier."

"That sounds like an idea!" Melody agreed. "But we have to discuss plans and supplies, who is going to teach them?"

"Mabel and Dipper." Stan stated. He then gestured to the twins, who were explaining to Soos and Pacifica what had happened in the past year and a half.

Manly Dan then looked uneasy, a look he rarely if ever makes. "Are you sure, Stan?" he asks, a bit cautious sounding.

Stan waves a hand and scoffs. He goes to case of imported beer that Manly Dan had brought along from his trip to South America and pops one open. He takes a large swig of it before he says, "Look, I can see why you're worried about them two, but I trained them myself on how to shoot." He takes another swig, smaller this time. "Mabel is an expert marksmen when it comes to a pistol, but if you want something far away dead then Dipper is your man. The kid actually killed his first deer in just a few shots." He finishes the beer and throws the can a distance away.

"They're really that good?" Melody asks. She puts a hand to her chin, thinking. "I guess, if they're as good as you say they are. It could be useful to have more people!"

"They're better." Stan insists. "Dipper is the main hunter, he can bag a lot of small game."

Manly Dan gives an impressed grunt. "That kid's gone a long way since the last time I saw him. I thought he was just a nerd."

Stan laughs. "Oh, trust me, he's still a nerd." He gives a glance over again to the kids. "And I wouldn't have it any other way, he reminds me of my brother when he was younger!"

"Alright then, it's settled. Those two kids can train the others of the wheel." Melody agrees. "I'll gather up the supplies."

Stan then calls out to the twins to come over. After a minute of explanation both the twins' eyes lit up.

"I get to teach people to use a gun!?" Mabel squeals in excitement.

"And I get to teach people to use the hunting rifle!?" Dipper was just as easily excited, his voice actually cracking from his still ongoing puberty. He notices the voice cracks and coughs casually, trying to hide it.

Grunkle Stan nods his head. "Yep, and you're gonna start today." He told them as Melody returns from gathering the supplies. She had a pistol and hunting rifle for everyone, and she brought plenty of ammunition. She even brought a few targets. "So, you to get ready, I'll the group know."

"Okay, Grunkle Stan!" both the twins cheered in unison. They both ran into the RV, going to get ready for their training session as the teachers. The twins thought that they should look the part.

Dipper puts on his hunting gear, right down to camouflage pine tree hat, except since it was warm outside because they were in Texas he wore a green t-shirt with black vest and not his hunters coat. He slung his sniper rifle over his shoulder and held the hunting rifle. He was then gathering a few of his journals that he wrote, his own tips and strategies on hunting.

Mabel decided to wear a sweater that has a picture of a book and a red apple on it. She called it her teacher sweater. The young teenaged girl then puts a headband in her hair, a pink camouflage. She made her pistol was ready, she was pretty eager.

"Ready to teach people how to use a gun?" Dipper asks his twin.

"Oh, I've been ready!" Mabel replies, her hands in fists held up high above her head.

The twins leave the RV, some people from Bud's old group saying that the others were in the woods. When they got there it seemed like the group that represented the wheel was surprised that they were the ones to teach them. All of them were really surprised when it was Dipper to be the one to teach about hunting and the long distance shots.

"Wait, whoa," Soos exclaims, putting his hands up in a stop motion. "You two are the ones gonna teach us?"

"Grunkle Stan didn't tell you?" Mabel asked him.

"Nope." Gideon answered for him. "All he said was that two of the best shots were going to teach us." He looked as equally as surprised as the handyman.

"Who knew it would be you two." Pacifica then says, her snotty rich-girl attitude starting to show through again. "I mean, I can see Mabel with a gun because she's well, Mabel. Dipper, I can't imagine you with a gun."

Dipper furrows his eyebrows angrily. "Wait, seriously?" Dipper sighs, clearly irritated and even a little disappointed. "No one expected this out of me?"

"Bro-bro, I barely expected you to be good with a gun." Mabel interjects.

"Look, I'm a great hunter!" Dipper insists. "I and Grunkle Stan are the reason we have a stockpile of game to eat." He then sets his sniper rifle down and gets his hunting rifle off his shoulder. "First lesson: Dipper is a Great Shot." He makes sure the gun is loaded and cocks it. He goes a little deeper in the woods, the others watching curiously.

Dipper goes downwind, so the animals wouldn't smell him as easily, and hid by a bush. He raises his rifle, waiting. Soon a flash of brown hopped from a bush a good distance away. Without hesitation Dipper made his move and estimated where the animal was going and pulled the trigger. A brown squirrel jumped right in the path of the bullet and fell with a limp thump!

The young teenaged boy stands up and looks at his peers. He noticed both Gideon and Pacifica's eyes were wide, not believing he actually did that. Soos' eyes beamed, like he was proud. Soos clapped as he was mumbling to Gideon and Pacifica how that was impressive.

"Any more doubt in my ability?" Dipper casually asks. Shaking of heads. "Good! Mabel, you teach them the basics of the handguns, I'm gonna go bag that! That can make some good jerky."

"Ew, squirrel jerky?" Pacifica comments in disgust. "That sounds gross."

"You won't be thinking that when you're starving!" Dipper grumbles, mainly to himself as he runs to where the squirrel laid dead. He had thought that he and Pacifica were more on civil terms, especially since the ghost at her house he helped with. He shrugs mentally, him no longer thinking about it.

Mabel then goes and talks about how to shoot the gun. She showed them how to hold it and aim. Soos was getting it easily and so was Gideon, after a few tries Pacifica got it. Mabel then even showed them her "tricks", like running with the gun and shooting accurately, using her grappling hook at the same time. In a way she was just trying to show off.

Dipper then finally came back, the dead squirrel in a bag. It was his turn to teach. He starts to show the others the rifle and how it works, how to properly hold it, aim, and even explained how the recoil is completely different than a handgun. When it was time for

the others to try themselves it seemed they were having trouble with it. So, one at a time Dipper had to go to each person and fix their posture and stance so they could get it right. He had to help Pacifica at least three different times.

\_There is no way she is \_that\_ dumb with thisâ€\_|\_ Dipper thought bitterly as he Pacifica called him over for the fourth time.

"Am I doing it right now?" She asks as she sloppily gets into position. It seems like she was doing on purpose.

"Are you trying to piss me off or something?" he snapped at her. "Because if you are, it's workingâ€\_|" He then steps behind her and moves her arms into the correct position and used his leg to bump hers into a proper stance. "There. Now stay and actually shoot."

Pacifica gives him a glare and stayed in the position she was put in. She then aims at the tree in front of her and pulls the trigger. She hits the tree dead center of the trunk. The blonde then gives Dipper a smirk as she moves out of the position.

"There." Pacifica says. "Can I go back to the RV now?"

"No." Dipper tells her. "Now get into position without me helping you and do it again." He ordered as he got out his pistol to check if it was fully loaded.

At this point the others had finished their training session. Gideon was decent with a hunting rifle as was Soos. Both the guys were pretty well at the handgun, although Gideon could use some more practice. Even though Pacifica was good at the handgun, she was having issues with the rifle. Mabel had taken them back to the RV to show them how to prepare the meals, Dipper giving his twin the bag with the squirrel.

Pacifica gives Dipper an irritated look and gets into a sloppy version of the position he had shown her. She shoots but it misses the tree. The blonde girl sighs with irritation.

"Think of it like mini golf," Dipper suggested, remembering the time Mabel and Pacifica challenged each other to a mini golf game to see who was more superior at it. "It's practically the same thing with concentration."

"Wowâ€\_| you're dense." Pacifica grumbles. "And I thought you were the \_smart\_ twin."

Dipper gives a confused look. "Waitâ€\_| what?" he sputters.

Pacifica then gets into the correct position and shoots the tree multiple times in the same spot. It was a perfect shot, leaving a hole in the tree. "I may be blonde, but I'm not an idiot, Dipper." She tells him. Her face was slightly red.

The girl then remembers from back in Gravity Falls. She hated Mabel at first, but after the mini golf game she started being friendlier towards her since Mabel was so nice. Dipper had shoved it in her face on Pioneer Day that Nathaniel Northwest wasn't the true founder of Gravity Falls and told her to deal with it, all because she made fun

of his sister. Then when her family had a level ten ghost at their mansion she was told to hire Dipper to take care of it.

That was when she first started to have a crush on him. He had always looked nerdy with his pine tree hat, his red-orange shirt and navy blue vest, him always carrying that one book around reading it and always talking about the creatures that were in it. Some of the things he had always said made no sense for at the time twelve year old to know. But he was also very sweet and innocent like his sister, and Pacifica always saw him using his knowledge to help people, especially his family.

So when Dipper had come to Northwest Manor to help her family she got to his sweet side that was actually toward her. She had to give him a suit and make him do his hair because her father wanted him to look presentable while in their home, and she will admit to herself that he actually had looked good in the suit and his hair done. Using his intelligence he actually caught the ghost and she was disappointed when he said he wasn't staying for the party. When Dipper found out that her family new about the curse of the ghost and made her hire him to get rid of the ghost before the curse could happen Dipper had been furious at her, and she had actually felt guilty about it.

After Dipper came back to try to get the ghost after it has escaped he had found Pacifica in the secret room that they had encountered earlier. She had told him that he was right about her being as bad as her parents since she had lied to him about the ghost, but when Dipper apologized to her and told her she didn't have to be like her parents she actually warmed up to him. Even after the whole ghost thing was done and over with, the two enjoyed each other's company when stepping on her parents' favorite carpet with muddy shoes.

Now she sees him slightly different. He was still that nerdy boy, as she saw him by the RV with thick books about quantum physics and strong theory. But he was still sweet and fun as he messes with his sister and helps the others explain what happened in recent time. She actually thought he was better looking now that he was a little bit older. Seeing him smile when he proved that he was a good shot was like seeing a little boy on Christmas getting something they really wanted.

"Oh, so I was right, you were doing this to piss me off." Dipper complains as he takes off his hat to run a hand through his brown hair. Some of the hair moved off his forehead, revealing the Big Dipper shaped birthmark on his forehead that gave him his nickname. He puts it back on as he states, "Well, if you're actually all set then you can head back to the RV, I'm just gonna hunt for a bit."

Pacifica was angry he was brushing her off. "I was doing it on purpose to actually be by you for a bit." She shouts at him. "For someone who is so smart you're so stupid when he comes to girls. Do I have to spell it out for you?"

Dipper's face turns red. "Whoa, whoa, wait a minuteâ€¦ back up hereâ€¦" Dipper stammered as he uses his hands to make the reverse hand motion. "You're trying to tell me that you actually \_like\_ me?" his face was even redder. "Umâ€¦ why? I honestly thought you couldn't stand me because I am 'lame' and 'nerdy'." He uses his fingers to put

quotes around "lame" and "nerdy" for emphasis.

"Wellâ€|" now Pacifica's face was very red.

There was a sudden crack of a twig. Dipper automatically gets his handgun out and points to the direction of the noise. Shakily, Pacifica follows suit with the handgun she had been given at the beginning of the lesson. Slowly, Dipper moves forward, finger on the trigger.

\_ "Pineâ€| treeâ€| hatâ€|" \_ a low growl comes from a patch of thick trees ahead of them. A flash of silver erupts from the trees, causing Dipper to yelp in surprise as he jumps back. However, he was then pinned by a large wolf-like creature at his arms and legs. Its pelt was a brilliant shiny silver and its eyes were scarlet red. When it bared its teeth they were pure black and tinged red from a recent feeding. It roars in Dipper's face, causing the boy to close his eyes and to flinch his face away.

\_Bang!\_

A bullet hits the monster in the face, loosening its grip on Dipper. Dipper then gets up and runs toward where Pacifica was, her hand still up from firing her gun. Her green eyes were wide with horror, but Dipper couldn't tell if it was from the monster or the thought she actually used a gun.

"We need to run!" Dipper tells her as he grabs her wrist and starts running through the woods.

"Isn't camp the other way!?" she yells at him, realizing they were going an opposite direction.

Dipper huffs, "Well, we can't lead that thing toward the others. There is little kids, I don't want them to get hurt." He leads her into the thick woods, the sky getting dark and the air becoming a muggy heat. A sheen of sweat on his brow as he stops behind a very large tree, his hand still gripped tightly around Pacifica's wrist.

Both stood there, trying to catch their breath as quietly as they could. They could hear the howling of the monster in the distance followed by many more. It was in a pack and they were on the hunt for the Pine Tree.

"Whyâ€| would that thingâ€| want you?" Pacifica asks between her breaths.

Dipper smirks. "Maybe the same way you do, I'm that charming." He says in a joking manner, finally catching his breath fully.

"I don't think that it's the right time to discuss that!" Pacifica screeches as she yanks her wrist from his grip. She rubs it gently, it having his finger marks that were so tight before.

"Sorryâ€| I panickedâ€|" Dipper apologizes, gesturing to her wrist.

"Its fineâ€|" she insists. "It might just leave a bruiseâ€|"

A blood chilling howl that pierces through the air gives the two teenagers' goosebumps. A sudden crack came from the tree they were hiding behind, long knife-like claws slashing through the ancient wood like it was paper.

"MOVE!" Dipper screams as he pulls Pacifica toward him as he dodges the now falling tree. The tree falls with a loud crash! The wood splintered and cracked all around the trunk. The wolf monster climbed on it, hunched over with bared teeth. A few more followed suit, all of them growling.

"Pineâ€| treeâ€| hatâ€|" one of them growled, another echoes. Soon all of them were growling that phrase, using their muzzles to gesture toward his cap.

"Stupid damn hatâ€|" Dipper mutters. "It's not even the right oneâ€|"

Pacifica grips his hand and whispers in his ear, "What are we going to do?"

"I'm thinking of a planâ€|" he insists, looking around. If they ran the pack would be at their heels, one was already difficult but a whole pack would practically be impossible. He grips his gun and slowly raises it. "Aimâ€| for the eyes. Once they are distracted we are going to run and keep on running until we find water. With the water we can wash our scent off to dim it so they can't find us as easilyâ€| then we'll try to get back to camp and with the others we'll form a barrier and fire when they come after us." He quickly explains, he said it so fast that Pacifica barely understood what he said.

Dipper then goes to shoot but another wolf creature came at his side that had been hiding and slams him down. The brunette screams in agony, his shoulders slamming to the dirt floor. Pacifica gets her gun aimed at the creature but the ones that were in front of them before lunged. She quickly ducks and manages to roll away as one hit the tree she was standing by.

"Dipper!" she calls to him. He laid there in agony, blood seeping through his shirt, his wounds from before reopening. As she tries to get to him the beast that had knocked him down picks him back up and howls to the others. They barked a message to each other and the original three beasts bounded away, howling a victory, but stupidly leaving Pacifica unharmed, not caring for her.

"Let me go!" Dipper gasps, the back of his shirt being gripped by the creature as it held him. "You son of a-" he tried to raise his arm to aim his handgun, but it dropped as Dipper winced in pain.

"Let him go!" Pacifica screams, her hands shaking as she aimed her gun at the creature. It gave her a warning growl, its red eyes pulsating with the lust for blood. "Iâ€| I willâ€|"

"JUST SHOOT, PACIFICA!" Dipper screams at her as he flung his head back to hit the monster in its nose. It screeches in pain as he was being dropped, it going to stand on its hind legs, the blood from its nose was thick and black just like all the other demons.

However, Pacifica didn't time it properly. She just aimed and pulled the trigger, but as Dipper was falling the bullet pierced through his abdomen, causing him to scream in pain, but the monster also screamed as the bullet got it too. While the beast howled in anger and pain Pacifica kept shooting the monster in its chest area and hit an artery in the neck.

Not even caring if the beast was dying, Pacifica runs up to Dipper and gets him on his feet. She throws one of his arms across her back as she drags him away as fast as she could. His bullet wound pulsed out blood, soaking his shirt and was getting on her llama sweater. Dipper's face was glistening with sweat and his skin was pale.

"I'm so sorry!" the blonde kept saying over and over as she made their way through the woods in the general way they had come from.  
"I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to hit you!"

"It's fine!" Dipper moaned, his hand was pressed against his wound, blood oozing thickly between his fingers. "I don't think it hit anything important since it went straight through! Mabel can fix me up."

The sky was a pitch black and the air was so thick and muggy that it felt like Pacifica was breathing through water. She sets Dipper down on the ground after what seemed like forever, panting and sweating. He was heavier than she expected and she needed a moments rest.

"I wonder where the rest of the pack went!" Dipper though aloud.  
"It seems odd that they would just leave you and run away." His voice sounded weak and Pacifica had to strain to hear him.

That was when a high pitched, blood curdling scream of pain broke through the forest, causing Dipper to stand straight up, ignoring all pain. His blood ran cold, his brown eyes wide at the full moon above them.

"What was that?" Pacifica asks shakily.

Dipper then goes into a full on sprint, ignoring his bleeding abdomen and shoulders, heading right toward where he knew the camp would be as that was where the scream came from. Pacifica follows directly behind, worried about Dipper's condition and whoever screamed.

Dipper panted, his heart racing so hard that it was literally pulsing the blood out of his body. He pushes back the branches that were slashing at his face, ignoring every twist in his ankles as he climbs over gnarled tree roots. He had to get there! he had to get to her!

"MABEL!"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AUTHOR'S NOTE:</strong> Hello! So... sorry about the little bit of Dipcifica stuff... I actually ship them and think they are very cute together /

Also, I hope things haven't been too graphic...!

Remember, if you have any questions just PM me on here or ask questions at my tumblr, jlandersen01. I'll try to get back to you as soon as I can!

As always, thanks for reading!

~Skye Hendersen~

#### 14. Chapter 14: The Cipher's Plan

##### \*\*Chapter 14: The Cipher's Plan\*\*

The city that surrounded him was set ablaze by the flames of his rage, the power flowing through the veins of his puppet, most likely causing great agony.

Bill Cipher, possessing Ford's body, stood on top of the last building that was standing. He gazed down, watching as his henchmen went through the streets gathering any survivors and ripping their limbs apart. Bill cackles happily he sees a heart being ripped out of a fairly young man.

"Oh, Fordsy, look what your stupid family caused!" Bill says with fake concern. "They made me make you do a very bad thing!" he laughs.

Ford, in his mind, was screaming with despair. He was witnessing these peoples' demise. It felt with each death he was losing more and more of his humanity to Bill. Bill was going to break him, if it wasn't with this torture he was going to use the rest of Pines family to do it.

Bill had his new throne, bloody and screaming, sent to his main pyramid that was in Gravity Falls, Oregon. He couldn't wait to have Pine Tree in his possession and make him enjoy sitting on it!

"Now that my little! tantrum is over!" Bill muses. "I should check on Pine Tree!" he waves Ford's possessed hand in front of him, making a flamed circle appear, showing the image of a group of people. In the image Pine Tree and Shooting Star had big grins on their faces, as if excited about something.

"Ready to teach people how to use a gun?" The image of Pine Tree asked.

"Oh, I've been ready!" the image of Shooting Star replies, her hands above her head in excitement.

The two had then walked over to where Gideon, the Llama, and the Question Mark stood. Bill laughs to himself, he thought it was absolutely hilarious that those two were going to teach how to use guns. He was really amused when the others doubt that Pine Tree could even handle a gun.

Somehow Bill had to get Pine Tree to join him! but just like Stanford and even Stanley the kid was stubborn as hell. He knows the kid will reject his offer! unless!

Bill smiles, a mockery of Ford, as he thought of a great plan. He waves the image from in front of him and opens a portal back to his main pyramid. Once there he leaves Ford's body to go back to his stoned form, causing Ford to collapse onto the ground, screaming and gasping to himself.

"Quit your blubbering, Fordsy!" Bill snaps at him, not even going toward his new throne. He was saving his first sit as being Pine Tree. "I'm trying to think of a plan here!"

"You're a monster!" Ford managed to gasp, his hands cradled against him. "Those were innocent people and you slaughtered them like they were nothing!"

Bill rolls his eye. "That's because they are nothing!" he screeches. Blue flames begin to surround him, him actually being pretty calm. "Humans are nothing but worthless sacks of flesh and blood! only a handful I can say are useful you and Pine Tree being an example."

"Humanity is more than your damn toys, Cipher!" Ford bellows, a mixture of grief and anger. "Those people had lives! souls! families! and now they're all gone!"

"If you're trying to convince me that I should care, then wow, maybe Stanley is the smart twin between you two." Bill casually says, waving his hand for his demonic martini to appear in his hand. He puts the glass to his eye, actually drinking with it since he has no mouth. "What would you say that your brother and Pine Tree have in common?" he then asks Ford.

"What?" the old scientist questions. "What kind of question is that?"

Bill retorts, "The kind that need to be answered."

Ford thought for a moment. "They're both the younger twin! um!" he murmured. He had always compared the boy to himself, he had associated Mabel and Stan to be more alike.

"Use that big brain of yours, Ford!" Bill had appeared next to him and knocked on his head, the metal plate making a metallic clang sound. "Really think what did your brother do for thirty years? He threw his life away, basically killed himself off, so he could focus on getting you back. And who else has that kind of trait?"

Ford's eyes widened. He remembers when he asked for Dipper to be his apprentice that the boy's first concern was about his twin. Everything that Mabel asked for her brother to do with him, he complied, even though he wasn't too happy to do so. Dipper threw everything down that he did to make his sister happy.

"Oh no! you wouldn't! you can't!" Ford cries out, his old brown eyes filling with tears. Because of him those two kids were going through Hell.

"Oh... you and I both know that I can and I will!" the demon sinisterly cackles. Bill claps his hands together and a door opens, revealing a pack of silver wolf-monsters. "I'm just gonna send some

friends to play with Shooting Star and mess with Pine Tree a bitâ€|"

"NO!" Ford scream pierces through the air. But it was too late, Bill had snapped his fingers and the pack disappeared. Ford crumbles within himself, his heart feeling cold and heavy, like a block of ice. His whole body shook, his niece and nephew were in danger because of him.

Bill cackles as he floats over to his puppet. He snaps his fingers and the collar and chain appears on Ford, chaining him to where he was collapses. Bill then makes his portal to watch his amusement once again.

"How about we watch until we are needed, Ford?" Bill offers with a sharp emphasis of insanity in his tone.

And Ford had no choice but to watch as hell unfolds in front of his eyes.

## 15. Chapter 15: The Deal

\*\*Chapter 15: The Deal\*\*

"MABEL!"

Dipper was screaming with all his voice could manage. He was starting to drag in speed, but he kept going, he had to get to his sister. More screams were echoing around the forest, but Dipper ignored them as they were not Mabel's, whenever he heard her he would push himself to go faster.

Pacifica was keeping a good pace with him, prepared if he collapsed. She was terrified, wondering what was happening. Was Mabel hurt? Was she being attacked? The blonde keeps her eyes on Dipper, who was screaming his sister's name with despair, trying to get to her. She had to make sure Mabel was okay as well, she couldn't bare if the first person that was ever truly kind to her got hurt.

After what seemed like an eternity the two managed to get to the edge of the forest, seeing Stan with his gun shooting at the wolf creature attacking him. A limp body was by his feet, and he was desperately trying to protect it.

"MABEL!" Dipper screams again, his hand barely lifting up to aim his gun toward the creature attacking his family. The gun was nothing but weight to his arm and his hand shook violently.

As the creature turns its head toward Dipper an opportunity presented itself in front of Stan. He takes his handgun and jumps onto the monster, putting the gun to its skull. He pulled the trigger multiple times until there was nothing but clicks, the gun empty of bullets.

The monster that Stan killed was the last one that was at camp, a few others of the pack dead in other sections, one by Manly Dan who had a bloody axe in hand, one by a smaller groups of young adults with shot guns, and the last one was under a tire of a truck as it was ran over to death. Dipper had managed to get to Mabel without any help as he

finally just collapses next to his sister, dropping his gun, tears stinging his eyes as they threaten to spill over.

Mabel's neck was sliced open, both hands to it trying to keep her life's blood from pouring out. With every breath she took there as gurgling, and she would cough, causing a wave of blood to flow between her hands. Her brown eyes were wide with pain and fear, but they seemed so glad to see her brother.

"Oh my God, Mabel!" the cry was weak coming out of Dipper's mouth, his own blood pouring from his wounds. "No, no, no! I can helpâ€œ! I need medical suppliesâ€œ! Mabel, just stay with me, okay?" tears spilled from his eyes, dripping onto Mabel's paling face, her skin almost looking waxy and lifeless. She tried to do a nod but gurgled in pain.

Stan was next Dipper, his sweater bundled in his hand. He puts the sweater over Mabel's wound, trying to stop the bleeding, with as much pressure as he could do without crushing her neck. His heart dropped, thinking of how it is not going to work. Now his great niece was dying in front of him, and he felt like he could've prevented it.

"How did this happen?!" Dipper demanded. He felt so helpless, his twin was dying. They were together for their entire lives and now she was being ripped from him. He hits himself in his own wounds multiple times, trying to wake up from this horrible nightmare.

\_Maybe it's just another nightmare! Please, God, please let it be the case! I'll wake up and Mabel will be next to me cuddling Waddlesâ€œ!\_ Dipper thought frantically over and over until Stan grabs his hand to make the boy stop hurting himself.

"Those monsters came out of the woodsâ€œ!" Stan whispered hoarsely, his voice thick with emotion. "Theyâ€œ! went after Mabel specificallyâ€œ! I tried to defend her, and she fought backâ€œ! but one got her from the sideâ€œ! I couldn't protect herâ€œ!" tears fell down the old man's face, his body wracking with sobs.

Gasps were then being made all around, causing both the male Pines to glance up. Bill Cipher was thereâ€œ! Ford being dragged by a chain, the man looking broke and defeated. The cackle that came from the demon was nothing but insane.

"Oh, lookie here!" his shrill voice pierces through the bloody night. "Little Shooting Star is dying! I can save her you knowâ€œ! how about we open back up that deal, Pine Tree?"

Dipper slowly stands up, his hands covered in his and his sister's blood. "Youâ€œ! bastardâ€œ!" he groans as he takes a shaky step forward. "You had something to do with thisâ€œ! didn't youâ€œ!?" His brown eyes were hard with anger, despite them drooping from him about to pass out. "I'll kill youâ€œ! you son of a bitchâ€œ!" each word was sounding weaker and weaker.

Bill feigns innocence. "Me, Pine Tree?" he blinks his eyes multiple times, to pretend to be bashful. "That's rude to accuse you know!" He then gives the boy a look over. "And wowâ€œ! you're not looking so well yourself, Pine Treeâ€œ! were you trying to kill yourself or something before our little deadline?" If the triangular demon could

smile, he would've.

The boy had his bloodied hands into fists. Each second that passes Mabel is closer to death. He had to take the deal, he had no choice. And that was the way Bill Cipher had planned. Dipper was a puppet the whole time without actually being his puppet.

"Fine, Billâ€|" Dipper quietly says, glancing down at his dying twin, the look of determination on his face mixed with sadness. "Let'sâ€|" he takes a deep breath. "Let's make a dealâ€|" He had no choice, he had absolutely no choice.

Ford looks up from his broken form, him actually crying. He wanted to shake his head, to tell Dipper not to do it, but if it was a way to save Mabelâ€| Ford would sacrifice himself all day to make sure his family is safe, so would Stanley. But seeing a fourteen year old boy doing it made his heart break. He glances at his niece, seeing her struggle to keep her life, his soul shattering. It was all his faultâ€| since day one it was his fault.

Bill cheers and claps. "That's what I like to hear, Pine Tree!" his shrill voice was happy sounding. He appears in front of Dipper in less than a second, readying his hand.

"My condition, Billâ€|" Dipper begins. "Is that absolute no harm or death goes towards my family and friends. You can't hurt them, you can't send anyone to hurt them, you don't possess myself or someone else to hurt themâ€| and Mabel is to be healed fullyâ€|"

Bill's hand was then outstretched, it enclosed with a blue flame. "You got yourself a deal, Pine Tree." As Dipper goes and grasps his hand Mabel was looking at the two, tears glistening in her eyes. Once the deal was struck the demon snaps his fingers and Mabel was healed, her gasping for fresh air.

Dipper's eyes lit up with happiness and he goes to run to his sister, but he was stopped by Bill. "Nuh-uh, Pine Tree. You're my puppet now, can't have you interacting with the meat bags." He was told.

"No!" Mabel cries, an arm outstretched to reach for her twin. "Let my brother go! He doesn't deserve thisâ€|" she was trying to sit up but as wobbly.

"Sorry, Shooting Star, but a deal is a deal." Bill informs, voice thick with mockery. He then snaps his fingers again and Ford was then put next to Stan, him back to wearing his one red sweater and long tan trench coat, no longer wearing his puppet look.

"Dipperâ€|" Ford then finally says, his voice sore sounding, it kept cracking. "You don't deserve thisâ€| we will save you, do you hear me? You saved your sisterâ€| you did what any sibling wouldâ€|" he glances at Stan.

"Oh, I'd like to see you try, meat bags!" Bill cackles. "You think I'm going to let you take Ice and Stitched Heart so easily? Noâ€| cross the ocean and you'll be dead, and it's not me sending monsters after you, the ocean is a natural mote practically, and I can't control thousands to millions of those creatures. Or I can just burn themâ€| but seeing you guys suffering would be more entertaining to me." Bill then snaps his fingers once again and

Dipper falls to the ground, passed out with his wounds healed. "Now, if you all excuse me and my new puppet! Buy gold, BYE!" and within a second the two disappeared.

The entire crowd was nothing but silent. Some people didn't dare to even breathe. The being that took over the world was just in their presence. They all couldn't decide whether or not be happy or scared that they were spared. But now one of them was gone, someone that was important to the cause to defeat the demon.

After a minute of silence Stan turns to his twinâ€| and punches him square in the face, causing Ford to stumble back. Stan's brow was furrowed furiously, just like when Ford had come out of the portal after thirty years.

"Okayâ€| I deserve thatâ€|" Ford admits, rubbing his face, wiping the small bit of blood that came from his mouth. Then his twin went and gave him a hug, his head down, actually sobbing. "Waitâ€| I don't deserve thisâ€|" a confused Ford states, him looking uncomfortable.

"You're an idiotâ€| I don't careâ€| at least my brother is backâ€|" Stan sobs as Ford hugs him back, tears in his own eyes.

Mabel was on her knees, her pink sweater that had blue polka dots on them soaked with blood, her hands drying a rusty brown color. Just a few hours ago she was laughing with her brother, messing with him about his books like she always did, him giving his smirk when he was right about somethingâ€| now he was gone.

\_He gave up his freedom for meâ€\_|\_ Mabel thought. Her brown eyes were wet with tears, and as they fell they mixed with the drying blood that was on her cheeks. \_Dipperâ€\_|\_

She then stands up shakily, losing her balance. Soos had to help her and Pacifica was at her side to continue the support. Slowly she made it to her grunkles, who parted their hug. She then gives Ford a hug, sobbing into him, it was so long since she seen him.

\_But Dipper is goneâ€\_|\_

"Whatâ€| did Bill mean about opening back the deal and a deadline, Grunkle Fordâ€|?" Mabel asks with a choked sob. She looks up at him with such sad eyes that Ford's chest clenched.

"Whenâ€| I was a puppetâ€| Bill kept an eye on Dipperâ€|" Ford slowly said. "He wanted someone younger for when he took his power across the universeâ€| so naturally he tuned to Dipper since he is quite similar to meâ€|

"When Dipper was hunting, that day you couldn't find him for a bit, Bill used me to interact with him, offering the deal. Dipper, and I'm proud of the boy for doing what he did, shot me multiple timesâ€| he said that I probably would rather be dead then be controlled, and he was rightâ€| It hurt like a bitch thoughâ€|

"The deadline was two weeksâ€| and Bill sent whatever he could to try to convince Dipper to join him. He sent the monstersâ€| watched it all unfold. Then he realized that the only way that he would join is ifâ€| if you were harmed or dying, Mabelâ€|" Ford stops, his body

shaking. With a shaky breath he adds, "It's all my faultâ€| since day one when I made the deal with Bill when I was studying in Gravity Fallsâ€|"

Mabel stood there, processing the information. No wonder why Dipper panicked about a week going by that he was unconscious, or how he had way more nightmares than usual. He was acting crabby and when Grunkle Stan would ask him about the forest he would snap at him.

"We will get him backâ€|" Mabel insists. "We just need to get Robbie and Wendyâ€|"

Ford does a firm nod, Stan's hand on his shoulder. "We will get Dipper back and defeat Bill, Mabel." He tells her, his voice now slowly getting stronger. "I swear it we will."

Mabel nods, a determined look in her eyes, the tears already starting to dry.

"I will save my brotherâ€|!"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AUTHOR'S NOTE: <strong>Hello everyone! As always thanks for reading! I'm just adding this note here because there might be a two to three day hiatus on this due to myself working more this weekend. I will try to upload as soon as I can, but by Monday 4-25-16 the daily updates will continue!

~Skye Henderson~

## 16. Chapter 16: Pine Tree is a Puppet

\*\*Chapter 16: Pine Tree is a Puppet\*\*

Dipper opens his eyes, hearing nothing but screams of pain and agony.

His heart clenches and he sits up, his head spinning and aching. When his the room stopped spinning he saw that he was in a throne room. This throne room was much more extravagant than the pyramids he was at to get the tapestries.

The floor was made of golden marble, a thick red carpet leading from the throne to the exit. The ceiling was high, seemingly endless, with red fabrics accenting the walls as it climbs. Some scorch marks were stained on the walls, no doubt from Bill's fire and anger.

However, the throne in front of him is what made the teenager gasp in horror. The throne was made of humans, all formed together, their skin black as charcoal, blood and a yellow substance slowly oozing from the cracked skin. They all screamed and moan in pain, begging to be put out of their eternal pain and misery, some were able to move their arms and they outstretched, trying to reach for help.

"Oh, Pine Tree, isn't my new throne lovely?" Bill Cipher's shrill voice shouts in his ear. Dipper jumps back, his brown eyes wide, and a hand to his chest. "Oh, you jump like a scared kitten!" Bill laughs.

"What did you do to these people, Bill!?" Dipper demands, his voice cracking, his hands in his hair where no longer his hat was. His eyes dart around and he finds his camouflage hat and quickly puts it on, the sort of security blanket he has adapted since he was very young to wear a hat.

"Oh my usual," the demon responds casually, not particularly caring about the question. He then snaps his fingers and a pile of solid black clothes appears in front of the frightened teenager. "Now, since you are my puppet now, you got to look the part."

Dipper looks at it, his brows furrowed curiously. It was all black clothing, with only some accents of yellow-gold. More or less it seemed like Dipper was going to attend a funeral.

\_Funeral for my freedom being stripped away.\_ Dipper thought bitterly. \_How fitting.\_

"Now, hop to it! We have a busy schedule today, Pine Tree!" Bill shrills as he makes a blue flamed portal and goes through it, monsters on the other side, leaving Dipper in the throne room filled with screams.

Uncomfortable at the situation the boy goes and finds a pillar he can hide behind to change. As his original articles of clothing fell to the floor they were engulfed with blue flames and disappeared, including his hat which he was glad it was not his blue and white pine tree hat. He puts on a pair of black dress pants, puts on black socks and shoes, and puts on a white long sleeved shirt with golden cufflinks. The dress coat he put on was a solid black, almost resembling a shadow, the buttons golden, and it was long with tails at the end. All was left was a piece of golden fabric that was supposed to be tied in a bow tie, so he puts it on with a dreaded sigh. He looks around for any sort of hat, like what Ford had worn, but there wasn't one.

Dipper steps out from behind the pillar, adjusting the bow tie to not strangle his neck as much. His shoes as he walked made clicking sounds as they made contact with the marble, echoing along with the screams from the throne. For a minute he stands there looking at the throne, how he knows that Bill is going to make him sit on it, with blood roaring in his ears in anxiety.

"Well, well, well, Pine Tree!" Bill's voice returned, and once again right next to Dipper's ear. "I figured I would need a change in color scheme now that Ford isn't my puppet anymore, I figured you with black would be fine."

Dipper once again had jumped from Bill's sudden appearance, stifling a gasp. He quickly composes himself, not wanting the demon to belittle him again. He straightens his coat, making sure it was smooth. In a way this outfit reminded him of when Mabel had her puppet show back in Gravity Fallsâ€|

The thought of his sister makes his chest tighten. Was she in any danger since he left? He knows she would be deeply upset that he was gone. What was he going to now that he doesn't get to see her smile every day while she was knitting sweaters?

\_But she is safeâ€| and that's all that matters.\_

The demon then hold out his hand, engulfed in a small blue flame, welcoming. Dipper knew what was going to happen, he had been possessed by Bill before. The teenager then takes the hand, prepared for his spirit to leave his body.

But it didn't.

It was like fighting over control, Dipper's brain feeling scrambled and it was throbbing. Dipper screams in pain, this was nothing like before, the very fiber of his being felt as if though being ripped apart. His hands were burning intensely, and when he glances down he sees that their engulfed with blue flames, he bites back a strangled scream. He blinks his eyes multiple times, feeling like they were expanding full of pressure and were burning. Dipper at this point collapses to his knees, hunched over, his body feeling like it was convulsing under himself. He would scream through clenched teeth, his jaw feeling like it was splintering. The pain was almost unbearableâ€|

A maniacal and hysterical laugh escapes his mouth, except it wasn't his. Without his own will, his body stands up and looks down at his hands, the flames licking across his skin in a brilliant blue. Slowly his body turns and walks up to the throne, another laugh escaping, seemingly more mad and insane.

\_Noâ€| noâ€| I'm not sitting on thatâ€|!\_ Dipper thinks frantically, the sounds of screaming in misery increasing in volume as his body got closer, and closer, \_and closerâ€|\_

Soon his body was sitting on the throne, the sounds of bones crushing beneath him and burnt skin cracking open. His right elbow was place on the arm, his face resting on the enclosed fist of his hand, and his right leg crossed over his left. Dipper felt his mouth being formed in a devious smile, something he would never do himself.

"Well, Pine Tree," Bill's voice came from Dipper's mouth. "I do have to say, I actually kind of missed your body..." a cackle erupts from him as he snaps the boy's left fingers. A mirror was formed in front of him, and within his mind Dipper gasped in horror.

Dipper's eyes were no longer their brown, but black snake-like slits. The sclera of his eyes a dim yellow. His mouth was twisted in the maniacal smile, his brown hair now tussled in a much more messy way, revealing the Big Dipper birthmark on his forehead more.

"I'm going to have \_a lot of funâ€|\_" a sadistic laugh erupts from him as his eyes seem to glow, his cackle of laughter echoing in the room over the screams of the throne.

Bipper had returned.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AUTHOR'S NOTE:</strong> Bipper has finally come in the story! Yay! Also, I am sorry about the few day hiatus, and should not happen again for the rest of the story.

Thank you guys for all of the support! It really means a lot!

~Skye Hendersen~

## 17. Chapter 17: The Pines-O-War

### \*\*Chapter 17: The Pines-O-War\*\*

Mabel barely slept that night, her in the bed she and Dipper had been sharing alone.

She kept looking at the empty spot that he would sleep on, he always waited for her to go to sleep first and he would be reading something or chewing a pen, thinking. All that was in his spot was his white and blue pine tree hat he had always wore, not even Waddles would go over to the spot to sleep.

She sits up, rubbing her eyes, and she takes his hat and puts it on her head. It felt odd wearing it, as she never really wore a hat. However, when she wore the hat it felt like she was still connected to her brother. She was going to wear it until she sees him again to give it back to him, which was a promise she silently made to herself as she gets up from the bed.

Mabel opens the door slightly, seeing the light to the kitchen part of the RV was on. At the small table was Stan and Ford, both looking very grim. Stan was of course wearing a sweater that Mabel had made for him, it was a deep maroon but it didn't have a design on it. Ford was wearing his tan trench coat, his red sweater looking dirty.

"Mabel?" Ford questions, looking up from his seat. "What are you doing up?"

"You should be sleeping, sweetie." Stan adds, concern in his voice.

"I can't sleep!" the girl admits, fixing the hat on her head. The two older twins noticed she was wearing Dipper's hat, but they didn't mention anything about it. "Can I stay out here with you guys?" her eyes were pleading.

"Uh..." Ford mumbled, unsure.

"Of course you can," Stan smiles gently at her, moving himself closer to the window so she can sit next to him. "Come pop a squat next to your Grunkle Stan." She does so and he puts an arm around her to comfort her as she sniffled lightly.

Ford was uncomfortable. He wasn't used to being around Mabel, or anyone else for that matter, but he felt more connected with Dipper than with her. Ford does a mental sigh.

\_And that's my fault\_

He figured Mabel was more like Stanley than himself, but with what Bill pointed out to him that there were similarities between Stan and Dipper, there had to be similarities between himself and Mabel. Despite the situation at hand, he felt that he should comfort her

too.

"Mabel, we will get Dipper backâ€|" Ford started. "He's a brave kid, I'll give him thatâ€| and he's also very intelligent for his age. If anything we only have a couple of weeks before Bill decides to get going across the universe, so we need to form a plan by then."

Stan scoffs, "What are we gonna do? We don't have access to Europeâ€| if what that flying tortilla chip says is true and we get in the water, we'll be killed by the monsters."

Ford gives a smile. "We do have access to Europe thoughâ€| we are in Texas, home of one of the largest ports in the United States, Port Houston. The monsters we can handle." He pulls out his interdimensional gun that he got from his time beyond the portal out of an inside pocket. "Trust me, I am familiar with the monsters from Bill's dimensionâ€| I've dealt with them for thirty years."

Stan gives his brother a sad glance. He still felt guilty after all these years. If he wasn't so stubborn he could've handled the situation back in 1982 properly. Or maybe if he hadn't been afraid of a future without Ford, then maybe Stan wouldn't have accidentally ruined his science project.

Sensing Stan's change in mood, Ford continues the conversation on a different path. "I say we get a large boat, one that can carry a lot of us on it and sail straight for Greenland." He gives his brother a big grin. "We can finally have the Stan-O-War."

"I got a better idea," Stan interjects as he rubs Mabel's shoulder absently, her looking up at him with her chocolate brown eyes. Ford gives him a confused look, raising a gray eyebrow. "We can finally have the Pines-O-War, it just isn't us anymore, Stanford."

Ford gives a small smile in response, relieved that his brother didn't turn the idea down of the boat. "The Pines-O-War," he chuckles. "Perfect." He raises his right hand, a ghost of a memory going through his mind, with a slight look of mischief across his features, like a small child. "High six?"

Stan with a smile on his face, one of the most genuine that Mabel has ever seen since recent memory. "High six, Sixer." he agrees as they connected hands with a clap!

Eventually while the three were talking of a plan about getting supplies for the boat Mabel had fallen asleep leaning against Grunkle Stan, the pine tree hat going over her eyes. After several hours she opens her eyes and adjusts the hat, seeing Stan next to her with his head back snoring. Ford was still in the seat in front of her, asleep leaning onto his hand with a pen between his fingers, a paper in front of him with bullet points on what they need for the boat; his mouth was partially opened, just like how Dipper would sleep at the table while reading or working on something.

Mabel slowly gets up from her grunkle's protective embrace as she slowly walks back into her and Dipper's room, her heart aching at the absence of her twin. She gets her knitting stuff together and begins knitting a red sweater with the emblem of a golden six fingered hand on the front. She figured that Grunkle Ford needed a new sweaterâ€| and it also kept her mind off of things for the hour she was

alone.

The night before after cleaning herself up of her and Dipper's blood she had shut herself in the room and knitted, not wanting anyone to bother her. She hadn't knitted this crazily since discovering her parents' death. She had knitted Pacifica a hot pink sweater with a llama on it, she had knitted Soos a dark green sweater with a black question mark weaved in it, and she knitted herself a purple sweater with a blue pine tree on the front with a shooting star behind it; she was currently wearing it.

A light creak sound came from her opening door, her brown eyes shooting up to it. Grunkle Ford had opened it slightly and poked his head through, a steaming cup of coffee in hand. He adjusts his glasses with his free hand and gestures inside, as if asking if he could come in, and Mabel nods.

"Sorry to interrupt, Mabel," Ford says as he sits on the edge of the bed. "I figured I'd check up on you since you weren't at the table when I woke up." He takes a sip of his coffee and he glances at the yarn his great niece had. "What are you knitting?" he asks her, curious. He knew she knitted a lot, mostly sweaters, but he had noticed that she had knitted blankets as well as hats and scarves.

Mabel lifts up a half knitted sweater. "I'm making you a sweater, Grunkle Ford." She says with monotone, her voice having no emotion like she did in the past, clearly upset. "I figured you needed anotherâ€œ yours is pretty dirtyâ€œ" she continues knitting, no longer looking up, and the hat over her eyes.

"Ohâ€œ" Ford's face slightly blushed. No one has ever made him something like that, it was so nice and genuine that it warmed his heart more than his morning coffee. "Why thank you, Mabel, I really love sweaters." He gives a half smile thinking that there was a thing they have in common. "You have a real talent, young lady."

She looks up from underneath the hat. "I'm not talented like Dipper though," she sighs sadly. Her grunkle gives a confused look, wondering why she would say that about herself. "He's always been so much smarter than meâ€œ he was actually supposed to skip grades but he declined because of meâ€œ he's always been better with his tests and his theoriesâ€œ That's probably why you like Dipper more than meâ€œ" she pauses her knitting, looking at the sweater with a blank face.

"Whoa, that's not true." Ford insists, raising his free hand in the universal "stop" sign. "Yes, I do have a lot more in common with Dipper than you cause of our academicsâ€œ \_but,\_ you and I actually have quite a bit in common." It was the girl's turn to give a confused look, her looking up with round eyes. "We are the older twin, so we always got to make sure our little brothers are okay. And hey, we both really love sweaters. Also—" he then notices some of her artwork that was scattered around. "-you and I are great artists, with more practice you will surpass myself. You're smart in your own way, Mabel, you don't have to be academically advanced to be considered 'smart', just look at Stanley, he is intelligent in a completely different way than I am. I don't like Dipper more than you, I love you both equally. You're a good person, Mabel, don't let anyone tell you different or try to bring you down."

Mabel gives Ford a tearful smile and goes and hugs him, the half made sweater crumpling between them. He gave a grunt of surprise, not used to someone giving him a hug really, but he gives back the hug full heartedly, careful with his hot coffee mug so none of its contents would spill on the girl.

"You knowâ€|" he says slowly. "Every good ship needs an amazing emblem for a flagâ€| wanna help me with a design and we can sew a flag together?" he really felt bad that he ever made Mabel think that he didn't care for her, which wasn't true in the slightest. The moment he met her when he came out of the portal he liked her because she fully accepted polydactyly. It's true that he had more in common with Dipper with their intelligence, and hell they both have some sort of bodily anomaly with Dipper having the birthmark on his forehead that gave him his nickname, but with great thought he had just as much in common with his great niece.

"You really mean that, Grunkle Ford?" Mabel asks, her brown eyes warm looking like chocolate.

"Yeah, I'm sure with our creative minds we can make a great one!" Ford enthuses. "I'll wait until you're done with the sweater thoughâ€|"

"I can finish on the boat when we set sail." Mabel says as she puts her stuff down, putting it on top of her crafting basket, a soft crumple of paper sounding that she took no notice to. She then grabs her one sketchbooks that she had drew a shooting star on the cover and her colored pencils and markers. For the first time since Dipper's sacrifice she gave a nice smile, and Ford noticed that she no longer had her braces.

The two leave the room and head to the kitchen table, where Stan was still snoring away. Ford and Mabel sat next to each other and once Stan woke up at the sound of their discussion he asked what they were doing. When Mabel explained Stan then asked if there was something he could do for the boat.

Ford hands him a list, the paper he made the notes on earlier. "Here, take a few people with you to Port Houston and secure a boat with these specs on it." Stan looks at the very large list, adjusting his glasses.

"That'sâ€| a lot, Stanford." He confesses as he read the last bullet point, a look of doubt going across his old features.

"Stanley, come on, we need all this stuff." Ford insists, crossing his arms. "We need the speed to get to Greenland at a decent pace. If we are going to get the tapestries and save Dipper, we need it."

"Okay, okay, don't get your trench coat in a knotâ€|" sighed Stan as he folds up the list and puts it in his pants pocket. "I'll get Soos and Gideon to come with me, maybe a few people from Bud's group too."

"Sounds like a plan, Stanley." Ford says. He then goes and gets two handheld radios and gives one to his twin. "Let me know when you're all set, or if you are in trouble."

Stan nods, taking the radio. He leaves the RV, already calling for Soos and Gideon to get a car ready. Soon the sound of an engine roars to life and it hums away, going toward Port Houston. Ford had made a map on the back of the paper how to get there, knowing that they would need it.

Mabel had drawn about two full rough drafts of the flag. The first one had the name "Pines-O-War" on it with a house looking thing that resembled the Mystery Shack, but it honestly looked too plain. The second one was the Mystery Shack with all their symbols on it, but drawing the pine tree made her heart ache. A third one she was stuck on a design, not sure what to make, only the outline of the flag was on it.

"If I can make a suggestion, Mabel?" Ford asks, a pencil in hand. The girl nods as he pulls the sketchbook closer to him. He starts drawing the Mystery Shack in a center of a circle, the outside perimeter having all the symbols of Bill's zodiac. Ford kept the symbols in the same spot that he had when he drawn back during Weirdmageddon's beginning. In big, neat letters he writes "Take Back the Falls - Pines-O-War".

"Wow!" Mabel exclaims. "You are very good at drawing!" Her eyes were wide with surprise and wonder. She knew Stan couldn't draw like this, or even Dipper, both of them had very childlike drawing styles.

"Who do you think drew all the pictures in the journals?" Ford scoffs, a grin on his face as he adjusts his cracked glasses.  
"Fiddleford?"

The girl giggles as she pulls the sketchbook back to her. She really liked the design and the message. She then draws something on the sides as well, since there was space. What she drew on the left side was a shooting star with the rainbow tail with a pine tree in front, slightly bigger so the top and the bottom stuck out. On the right side was the six fingered hand with the crescent shaped symbol in its center, also slightly bigger to overlap.

"Two sets of Mystery Twins," she proudly states, showing Ford the design.

"That's a good touch, sweetie." The old scientist beamed at her, him really liking the design. He honestly liked how the younger twins were the main shot of Mabel's added design, maybe a message saying how important the younger twin was to the older one. "Now about fabric-

Mabel laughs, "Oh, I got that covered, Grunkle Ford. I have a lot." She runs into the bedroom and grabs all her fabrics she had that was stuffed under the bed when Stan moved their things to the new RV. She comes back out, fabric, needles and thread in hand. "So, let's get started."

\* \* \*

><p>Stan was driving down the open road towards Port Houston, following Ford's directions.</p>

How the hell Ford knew where it was exactly without the use of a real map or even a GPS, Stan will never know. Stan figured that maybe during the years Ford just memorized certain things like that.

Soos was in the passenger seat, reading the directions to Stan as clear as he could. Gideon sat in the back with a few guys that were part of Bud's company, them telling him how great of a leader was and how he had arranged a way to find out about the tapestries.

After an hour or so of consistent driving the group pulls up to a large port. Boats were lined up against the docks, gently swaying from the waves. Most were in great condition while others were covered in mold and plants. The group pulls over and leaves the car, ready to explore the boats to find one that matches what was on Ford's list.

Stanley goes to the one closest, seeing as it looked quite large and in fairly good condition. However, inside was nothing but filled with the eyeball demons and Stan runs away, slamming the door behind him as he heard the thumps of them running into the metal door, leaving dents. He groans as he follows Soos to a second boat, looking a little rusty.

The two explore around, noticing that the boat had many if not all of the specs that was on Ford's list. It would need some cleaning up to do, but for the most part it was in great shape. Stan steps out of the boat and gives a sharp whistle, signaling Gideon and the others. Within a minute Gideon and the others ran up to the boat.

"Stanley, you found a boat?" Gideon asks as he steps onto the boat, it gently swaying causing him to almost lose balance.

"Should be a good one." Stan states, looking over the list again, deciding that maybe he should double check everything. He then goes and explores more inside the boat on his own, telling the others to search for any supplies that would be useful to keep, him opening many small closet doors noticing a lot of canned foods and many blankets. The engine was the right kind that Ford listed when he checked the engine room section of the boat, so it should be pretty fast. The four rooms were tiny, but each room had two sets of small bunk beds. Sixteen people could go to Europe, but they probably weren't going to bring that many.

A growl erupts from a small closet at the end of the main hallway. Without missing a beat, Stan takes out his handgun from his holster and made sure it was loaded and the safety off. Slowly, he walks towards the closet, one hand cautiously outstretched to open the door. His hand was shaking as it grips the handle and swiftly opens it, gun pointing into the space.

Inside was what appeared to be a dog, except it wasn't a dog. Its fur was black and inky looking, every movement causing it to shift like a shadow. The eyes were a brilliant white, looking fluid as it moves. The muzzle of the beast had a red mask, smooth and intricate looking black designs etched into it, only its white eyes and blood stained teeth shown.

The beast crawls out of the closet, causing Stan to move backwards, now putting both hands on his gun. The old con man raises his weapon, aiming straight for the eyes of the mask. Just as he goes to pull the

trigger the monster lunges towards Stan, but evaporates into a black mist. Suddenly Stan stumbles forward, the canine monster crashing into him.

Stan gets slammed onto the ground, his arm with the gun pinned underneath him, feeling the large weight of the monster almost crushing his old spine. He grunts, trying to move his gun out without accidentally shooting himself. Something warm brushes against his left ear, a low rumble sending chills up his spine.

A roar sounds from the monster as its claws dug into Stan's back, causing the old man to yelp in pain. Stan couldn't move suddenly as the monster's teeth nipped the back of his neck.

\_A paralysis poison!\_ Stan thought frantically. \_Haven't had that since Columbia\_

With a mighty paw, the canine monster flips Stan over as it steps off his back. It then uses its teeth to grab the collar of Stan's sweater and began dragging him. The gun that had been so tightly gripped in Stan's hand had then slipped through his numb fingers, it making a thump on the ground.

\_Noâ€| noâ€|! Surely someone had heard me screamâ€|\_

He was suddenly dropped on the ground when the canine roars angrily in pain, the sound of soft and muffled projectiles hitting its flank. Stan out of the corner of his eye sees that they were arrows from a crossbow. He sees that one of the young men from Bud's group, Dave he thinks the name was, aiming at the beast as Soos and Gideon come from behind to grab Stan out of the way. Gideon grabbed Stan's gun that he had dropped and aimed at the canine monster, ready to shoot if necessary.

The monster roars again and then lunges towards Dave, turning into mist once more to disappear. Blood then splatters from a surprised Dave's neck, his head sliding off his shoulders, a scarlet fountain flowing. The monster was in its solid form behind him, its one clawed dripping with scarlet, and the body slumps over.

Gideon gasped in horror and shot with the pistol in his hands, aiming at the monster. Or he tried to anywayâ€| every bullet missed the beast, hitting whatever dusty pictures that were hanging on the wall, shattering glass. Gideon runs out of bullets, it only making clicking sounds. A look of panic crosses his features.

"Come on, Mr. Pines, let's get you out of hereâ€|" Soos says as he grabs Stan from underneath his armpits to drag him away.

The other person who had known Dave didn't have time to mourn, instead he raised his own crossbow and an arrow shoots cleanly through the monster's head as the monster jumped towards him, it slumping to the ground with a black puddle forming beneath it. The young man then goes and grabs Dave's crossbow and goes through his clothes to grab pictures that were there.

Quickly, the group exits the boat, all collapsing into the dirt once off the docks. Stan was getting feeling back, slowly, him clenching and unclenching his hands to get rid of the numbness. He looks onto the boat, thinking off the needless death that just

happened.

"Despiteâ€| what has happenedâ€|" Stan mumbles as he stands up, staggering since his legs were still mostly paralyzed. "That is the boat we needâ€| so we got to clean it upâ€| and properly bury Daveâ€| "

Soos and the young man gave a definite nod, them going back to the boat. Gideon stayed with Stan, staring at the gun with wide eyes, his hands shaking to the point where Stan just takes the gun from the boy's hands and puts it in his holster.

"It's okay," Stan tells him, putting a hand on his shoulder. "You've only just began learning, and that was a scary situation, no one blames you for missingâ€|" The boy nods his head, still feeling bad.

Soos brings out Dave's body and head out of the boat, him saying that the other guy, George, was cleaning up the mess and getting rid of the demon's body. The small group once the body was buried and the boat was cleaned did a silent vigil for the fallen young man, who was practically still a kid as far as Stan was concerned.

Stan gets his radio out.

"Ford? You there? Over." He says into it.

\_ " \_\_Roger, loud and clear, Stanley. Over.\_ Ford replies from the other end. \_ "I was starting to get worried for a minuteâ€| I didn't hear from you guys.\_

"Weâ€| had a run in with a demonâ€| one of the people I broughtâ€|" Stan's voice trails off, not wanting to say it.

\_ "â€| \_\_I seeâ€|" \_was Ford's response, sadness was thick in his voice.

Stan then tries to be a little bit cheerier, "But hey, we found a boat, everything that was on your list. Soâ€| as soon as we get back we can pick out the people to come with us to Greenlandâ€|" he didn't really nail it, his voice cracking with emotion at random spots.

\_ " \_\_Rightâ€| see you soon then. Over and out.\_ Ford says as there was a click, signaling Ford ending the conversation.

As everyone got into the car, Stan now getting full feeling in his body again, the old con man goes into the trunk and grabs a can of black spray paint. He goes up to the boat that they had picked and writes on the side with his messy handwriting, "Pines-O-War".

"We're coming, Dipper, don't you worry, kiddo."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AUTHOR'S NOTE:</strong> Hello everyone! Hopefully this wasn't too long or too boring! I wanted to add a little bit of Ford and Mabel bonding and to have Ford realize how much in common he does have with Mabel.

Thanks again to all of you who read and support this! It really does mean a lot! Stay tuned!

~Skye Hendersen~

## 18. Chapter 18: Going Under

### \*\*Chapter 18: Going Under\*\*

Mabel had finally sewn the finishing touches of the flag when Grunkle Stan walks back into the RV, him looking exhausted and a lot of grime on his face.

"Stanley?" Ford calls to his brother as he gets up from his seat at the table. "You're alrightâ€| right?" he asks, worried about his brother.

"Not me you should be askingâ€|" Stan firmly says as he gestures Ford to the window, who walks up to it. Outside George was handing the pictures and crossbow he obtained from Dave's corpse to the dead young man's older mother, who began sobbing hysterically. "That young man's friend, Dave, gave his life trying to help meâ€| I'm just an old man who doesn't have much left, but that kid couldn't get his full lifeâ€|" He then pats Ford on the shoulder and begins to walk away toward where his small room was on the RV. "I'm going to take a napâ€| you decide who is going, there are sixteen beds on that boat, four to a room. If you don't want sixteen going to pick sixteen then." He then goes into the room and shuts the door with a sigh.

Mabel looks up from underneath the hat, her brown eyes wide with worry. "Grunkle Ford, what happened?" she asks him as she smooths out the finished flag.

"Someone diedâ€|" he says with a heavy sigh, sitting back next to her. He glances at the flag, impressed by her craftsmanship, momentarily forgetting the added person to the death list.

The base color of the flag was a deep royal blue, the wheel golden with the symbols a signature color. The pine tree was a cyan blue, the ice bag was a light blue, the question mark a forest green, the crescent shape was a maroon, the six fingered hand was a different colored gold, the stitched heart was a bright red, the star with the eye in the center was a powder blue, the shooting star was golden with the rainbow tail matching what was on Mabel's sweaters, the llama was a hot pink, and the glasses was black. The Mystery Shack was embroidered in the center of the wheel in a fine black outline, and the colors were filled in with embroidery as well. In bold white letters outline in black was "Take Back the Falls â€" Pines-O-War". The final touch that she worked on before Stan entered was adding the overlapped Mystery Twins symbols on the sides.

"At least his death won't be in vainâ€|" Mabel says softly, thinking about what Stan said about the young man risking his life to save her grunkle's. "He made sure we got a boat secured so we can get the tapestriesâ€| to save Dipper. He will be remembered a heroâ€|" the young girl sets the flag to the side and goes to the window, seeing George comfort Dave's mother.

For a moment she wondered how her and Dipper's parents' had felt during the beginning of the spread of Weirdmageddon. Were they worried, did they try to call the Mystery Shack and panic when Stan didn't answer? Questions flood in Mabel's mind of what possibly could've went through their heads. It brought tears to her eyes, however, she felt worse for the woman outside the window, whose child is now dead. It was bad seeing your parents' dead, but knowing your child is goneâ€| that had to be unbearable.

When she turns back to the table, she saw that Ford was making another list. She couldn't help think that it must be hereditary as Dipper always made lists for everything. Mabel looks over his shoulder and sees a list of people in different categories. In a category that said "Obvious" in big bold letters and underlined were the people needed for the wheel. Seven of the sixteen spots were already taken by the people of the wheel. In another category listed "Maybe?" had George's name and a few others she didn't recognize.

"I say we shouldn't take so many peopleâ€| " Ford informs her. "That'd be too manyâ€| also if these rooms are so small the extra beds can be used as storage."

"What if we bring Melody and Manly Dan?" Mabel suggests. The old scientist nods and puts their names under the "Maybe?" and crossed out the couple of names that Mabel had not recognized. "I honestly think that would be itâ€| like you said, we don't want too many peopleâ€| and I guess Waddles should stay here in the RV thenâ€| "

Ford looks up, "Yeah, we are not bringing your pet pigâ€| that'd be too much of a hassle." He states as he writes under the category "Absolutely Not!" the pet's name. He then hands Mabel the list. "Go tell that George fellow that he is welcome to join us, but if he doesn't want to he doesn't have to, and let Melody and Manly Dan know that they are coming. I know Manly Dan would want to go, Wendy is his daughter right?" Mabel nods as she takes the list and hurries out of the RV.

She goes to Melody, who was talking with Soos, and tells her about her going on the boat to Greenland. Melody nods and said that she would love to help. With a wave Mabel goes and finds Manly Dan, who was showing his sons how to properly hunt something down with an axe. The girl tells the lumberjack about him going on the boat and gives a firm nod of his head, stating that he will help save his daughter.

The last one to go up to was George. As she approaches him she stops for a moment, noting his dark blonde hair and his stony gray eyes. He notices her and waves gently, a sad smile on his face. He honestly looked no older than her.

"Hello," Mabel greets as she walks up to him. "I'm Mabel, I don't think we ever introduced ourselves." She holds out a hand.

"Yeah, I know who you are." George replies as he shakes her hand. "I'm George Grand, nice to meet you. I'mâ€| sorry about your brotherâ€| that guy is pretty cool doing what he did to save you."

Mabel glances away, adjusting the hat on her head. "Yeahâ€| " she

whispers hoarsely.

"Oh, I didn't mean to bring that up!" George yelps in surprise, seeing her expression. "I'm so sorry! I just lost my childhood best friendâ€| I'm not thinking clearlyâ€|"

"I'm sorry for your lossâ€|" Mabel tells him, really meaning it. "He was brave doing what he did. I'll make his mom a sweater or somethingâ€| just because I feel bad, Grunkle Stan feels guilty tooâ€| How old was your friend?"

George swallows. "He would've turned sixteen next monthâ€| he's a few months older than meâ€|"

Mabel nods slowly as she takes out the list. "So, um, my Grunkle Ford wants to know if you would like to come to Greenland with usâ€|?" she asks him. "You don't have toâ€| esoecially what just happened-"

"I'll go," George interrupts, hitting his open hand with a fist. "That triangular demon is gonna pay for what he did. So, I'm in for any plan that can take him down." He then sees the girl's face and clears his throat. "Sorry about thatâ€| I got a little carried awayâ€|"

"It's okay," Mabel assures him, waving it off. "I don't know when we are leavingâ€| probably tomorrow morningâ€| so I suggest you pack up whatever you need and tell your family."

George looked uncomfortable at the mention of family, but gives a small smile nonetheless. "Alright, Mabel, I will get ready then. I'm assuming you're going to, because of the wheel thing right? I was with Melody getting Soos, so I know all about that." Mabel nods. "Alright, see you later then! Oh, and your sweater is niceâ€| he then waves a goodbye and goes to a black car, getting items from the trunk.

Her face blushed as she walked away toward the RV. She walks inside, seeing Ford with a box and was packing supplies such as food and dry cooking ingredients. She figures that she should pack some stuff too, especially sweaters and yarn since Greenland is supposed to be cold.

"Oh, Mabel," Ford says when he sees her. "Did they agree to come with?"

"Yeah, Grunkle Ford." She replies as she heads toward her room. "They're all coming, I'm just gonna pack some stuff. Greenland is cold, so I'll knit some more sweaters after finishing yoursâ€| when are we leaving?"

"We are going to head to Port Houston at dawn." Ford replies, finding more canned goods and placing them in the box. "Don't pack too heavily thoughâ€| Do pack some of your hunting gear, like that thick coat and such."

Mabel nods as she shuts her door behind her. She finds one of her bags that she had first brought to Gravity Falls a year and a half ago, it still having some of her embroidery that she added to it. She takes out whatever was in it, mainly some clothes that were a little

small for her. She then packs it with all her contents from her crafting basket, noticing a piece of paper in the mix. She grabs it and her heart drops when she sees it was Dipper's handwriting.

\_ "Mabel, if you are reading this note, then it is most likely I made a deal with Bill. Look, don't be upset, the reason I would've done it is to make sure you and Grunkle Stan were safe. I suspected that this would eventually happen, which is why I devised a plan. Remember when Grunkle Stan said that Great Uncle Ford had an idea to use the McGucket's memory gun to erase Bill from his mind but couldn't because of the metal plate? My plan isâ€œ there really is no easy way to even write thisâ€œ\_

\_ "If I become Bill's puppet I want you, \_and only you Mabel\_, to take the memory gun and wipe my mind completely. Don't just put 'Bill Cipher', that'd just erase memories of him. You need to erase \_me\_ fully, my whole mind. Bill's weakness is the mind space, so if my mind is destroyed with him in it, he will die too.\_

\_ "I really hope it doesn't come to that, Mabel, I hope to God it doesn't, I wouldn't want to forget my sister. But please, if it does happen heed my request. I have done so much for you, and I always will as your twin brother, so please just do this one thing for me without complaint.\_

\_ "I love you Mabel, and Grunkle Stan and Ford, which will never be erased from my heart. Love, Dipper.\_

\* \* \*

><p>The next morning the group that was going was standing in front of the RV, waiting for the Pines to get ready to leave.</p>

Ford was wearing the new sweater that Mabel had made for him, his usual tan trench coat over it, the flag draped over his left arm. He makes sure that the things he packed were in order, all the food and clothes.

Stan was wearing a black sweater with his crescent symbol on it, a white dress shirt underneath, his normal maroon fez sitting atop his gray head. He had his small bag all packed, mainly filled with knitted hats and sweaters, but it did have his hunters coat and an extra handgun in it.

Mabel had her two bags all packed, one filled with her art supplies and Dipper's note, the other with her clothes. She wore a blue sweater with a pine tree surrounded with books, a sweater she originally made for Dipper but decided she was going to wear it, and thus why the sleeves were a little big on her. In a separate cloth bag she had sweaters that she made for Melody, Manly Dan, and George. At some point during the middle of the night when Ford had dozed off and Stan was in a deep sleep she had went into Stan's room and grabbed the memory gun. At the last minute she stuffed it in with her art supplies before leaving her room, saying goodbye to Waddles and fixing the hat on her head.

"Ready to go, sweetie?" Stan asks her softly, putting a hand on her shoulder and giving it a comforting squeeze.

"Ready as I will ever be." She replies, giving a ghost of a smile.

Ford gives a firm nod and opens the RV door, slowly going down the steps, and the two Pines behind him followed. Once out he explains the plan one more time, ignoring the few yawns from Soos and Pacifica, who looked like they were about to fall asleep standing up.

The plan was that they would get into two vans, one being driven by Ford the other by Stan, and have an extra car follow them with their supplies and with people to drive the vans back. Only about ten people were going to Greenland, the rest was to stay behind and keep an eye on the survivors since they can use weapons.

Mabel gets in the van that Stan was driving, along with Soos, Melody, and George. Gideon, McGucket, Pacifica, and Manly Dan pile into the van that was being driven by Ford. Soon the engines roared to life and they were on their way back to Port Houston, Ford leading the way.

George sat next to Mabel in the back on the van, Soos and Meoldy in the seats in front of them, and Stan driving up front with their bags in the passenger seat. The drive was long and even hot, but Stan only turned on the old air conditioner that barely worked because he didn't want to open the windows to get dust in.

"So, I made you a sweaterâ€|" Mabel tells George, a little awkward.

"Oh?" he says, a slight smile on his face. "What kind?"

Mabel slightly blushes. "Well, I only made you a basic one, not one with a symbol, so I made you a forest green colored one. But hey, if you don't like it say the word and I'll make you a new one and put a symbol on it." She spoke quickly, obviously a little nervous. The only guys she really ever sat by was her grunkles, Soos, and Dipper, so she wasn't awkward around them.

George gives a soft laugh, "I'm sure it's fine, Mabel." He gives her a thankful look. "Thank you very much though, I do enjoy sweatersâ€| well, hoodies and sweatshirts mostly, but a handmade sweater is even better." He gives a smile.

After an hour or so drive they pull up to a port, the boats gently swaying from the waves. They get out to stretch their legs and grab their things and Stan leads the group to the boat. Ford chuckles when he sees Stan's messy handwriting of the "Pines-O-War".

It was a universal decision to have girls share a room and guys share another. Melody, Pacifica, and Mabel were to share a room, and when Wendy is back they'll rearrange again so no one was sleeping in a room alone. In one room for the guys Stan, Ford, McGucket, and Gideon shared, while another room had Manly Dan, Soos, and George and would have room for Robbie. The extra bedrooms were used as storage for their items and clothes until things could be rearranged again.

Ford finds a place for the flag and hoists it up, the flag fluttering in the ocean wind. He stares at it for a moment, thinking of how he and Stanley as kids used their shirts as flags for the boat they

called "Stan-O-War", them chanting at the top of their lungs, "Kings of New Jersey!" It was a sweet memory he had of his brother, one that he always cherished.

"Ready to go, Sixer?" Stan calls from behind him. Ford turns around and gives a small nod. "Alright, so who is sailing, you or me?"

"I will, Stanley." Ford replies. "You should probably rest a little bit more, you had a rough day yesterday."

Stan nods as he follows Ford to the main room to control the boat. It was very small, and it can only fit about two people. Ford gets to the main console and starts up the boat, praying that gas was still in it. The engine roars to life and the fuel and battery were perfect.

"We got extra fuel and batteries from the nearby good boats if we need it," Stan says as he sits next to Ford, a bottle of water in hand that he got from the cooler they brought. "We also got whatever food, medical supplies, water, fishing supplies, and extra parts from the other boats too."

"Good," Ford tells him, his hands on the wheel. The wheel looked a lot like a steering wheel to a car, not the kind of wheel associated with older ships. He never really drove a boat, or sailedâ€¦? He couldn't really think of the term right now, since the two twins have never actually went on a boat besides the one they were trying to rebuild. "It mayâ€¦ get a little bumpy."

"Do you want me to driveâ€¦ sailâ€¦? Gahâ€¦" Stan asks his twin as he scratches his head, moving his fez slightly. "I did have a small fishing boat in Gravity Falls, so I do know how to sail, even though this is more state of the art it should still be similar. I even taught Soos and when he got his own boat he took the kids out a few times."

Ford nods and moves away from the wheel where Stan took his place. He made sure everything was in order before moving the boat away from the port. He looks out the window to see Mabel with the others on deck, looking at the waves and jumping with excitement that they are finally leaving.

"Let's just hope we can handle out thereâ€¦" Ford murmurs. "I have no idea if this boat can sail across the oceanâ€¦"

Stan groans, "Well, Sixer, too late now, we are leaving." Stan pilots the boat to the end of the port where it opens out into the ocean. Birds cawed in the air, whether they were normal birds or demonic he didn't know or really care. He just needed to get to Greenland. With Ford as his navigator the boat cuts through the water at a nice pace, making Ford think they should be in Greenland in about five days tops.

Mabel was on the deck, letting the sea water spray her face, the short brown hair that framed her face being plastered to her skin. Dipper's hat was getting wet as well, feeling soppy on her head. The breeze felt cool on her damp skin, making her shiver slightly. They were finally on their wayâ€¦ to get Wendy's tapestry and then Robbie'sâ€¦

\_And we will save Dipperâ€\_|\_

"Mind if I join you?" a voice from behind her asks. She turns around and sees George, his dark blonde hair sticking up in random spots from running his hand through it. Mabel shakes her head, gesturing toward the railing. "It's nice to be on the oceanâ€\_| my brother and I would going boating out on the Great Lakes, so this salt water is new to me."

"I lived in Piedmont, California, so salt water is familiar to meâ€\_|" Mabel tells him, a sad look on her face. "I remember when Dipper and I were very little we would go to the beach with our parentsâ€\_| sometimes our Grandpa Pines would come tooâ€\_| Dipper hated going in the water, he would rather run around the beach trying to dig for treasure." She gives a small smile, remembering his face when he actually found a lost diamond bracelet buried and he gave it to her because according to him she was "the best sister in the world".

"That sounds niceâ€\_|" George says wistfully, almost wishing he had a nice memory to share like that. "I lived in Michigan and never really left unless it was to go to Ohio, I always boated mainly on Lake Erie." He then shakes his head, preferably not wanting to remember.

"You have a brother though?" Mabel then asks him, wiping her face of excess water.

"\_Had\_. " He corrected. "During this whole mess my brother tried to help out, he was trying to help people get to a safe zone but ended up getting killed by one of those demonsâ€\_| my parents went the same way. I was either too big of a coward to have been out there to help or I was the one that was the most logical."

Mabel flinches, feeling bad that she brought it up. "Sorryâ€\_|" she whispers and apology softly.

George looks at her with wide eyes. "No, no, it's okayâ€\_| you didn't know, you were just making conversation. Remember, I asked about your brother tooâ€\_|" he explains to her. His hands were up in a surrender position, showing her that he meant no harm in his words.

Suddenly a gust of wind blew by and the pine tree hat on Mabel's head was blown off her hat, diving in to the ocean. Her heart pounds as a gasp escapes from her mouth. Without even thinking she puts one leg on the rail to hoist herself up and climbs over.

"Mabel!?" George shouts. "What are you-?!" his voice was cut off by the sound of wind in Mabel's ears.

She jumped over the side of the boat, her feet hitting the cool water first. Her head goes under, and for a moment she couldn't tell which way was up. There was shouting muffled though the water, but she ignored it. Her head breaks through the surface, her gulping for air, and she wipes her eyes. About ten feet in front of her was the hat, slowly about to sink from being waterlogged.

Mabel paddles herself towards the hat, her body being drained of energy. Her thick sweater absorbed water, adding weight to her, making it difficult to keep her head above water. As the hat sank

under, she did as well, but she firmly gripped it in her hands, not letting the current take it. She was slowly going under, and with a kick she tries to get to the surface.

Something then suddenly wraps itself around her ankle, causing her to scream, losing whatever air she had. Forcibly she was being pulled down, her eyes opening, stinging from the salt water, she looks and sees a large serpent-like creature ribboning in the water. Its tail was tight around Mabel's ankle. Her vision was beginning to spot around the edges, black and red, almost like lights. Mabel's chest began burning horribly, from lack of oxygen and the increasing water pressure. If drowning wasn't going to kill her then maybe her lungs exploding would.

The sea serpent opened its large jaw, a roar was muffled through the water. Mabel gasps in horror but immediately begins suffocating, water going into her lungs. Slowly she was losing consciousness, eyes fluttering shut, refusing to let her grip falter on Dipper's hat.

A beam of light blue light cuts pass her, hitting the serpent in its face, causing to shake its entire body roughly. Strong hands go around Mabel and she barley felt the relief of pressure of the tail releasing her leg. Black, inky tendrils float around her in the water, swirling into her hair.

Her eyes slowly opened, seeing her Grunkle Ford aiming his interdimensional gun towards the sea demon once again. He pulls the trigger, a beam going towards it, and once it hits the scales a crystal of ice starts forming around it. Ford then makes a beeline to the surface, putting Mabel ahead of himself so she would get air first.

Both Pines' heads breaks through the surface, Ford coughing violently. A ladder was dropped on the side of the boat, Ford swimming with a limp Mabel towards it. He gently puts Mabel over his shoulder, her hand still firmly gripped on the hat to the point that her knuckles were a bone white, and he climbs the ladder, grunting with effort from the weight of his water logged niece.

Ford gets Mabel over the railing of the boat, water raining onto the deck. Mabel crumples to the deck, Ford followed, him coughing up a bit of water. He looks over to see his great niece, her face slowly turning blue. He goes and puts his fingers to her neck, feeling a slow and thread-like pulse. She wastn't breathing.

Melody then steps to the side, first aid kit in hand. She then automatically begins CPR on the girl, Melody counting under her breath. She gives to rescue breaths and continues the cycle, going on for about four more times before checking for pulse and breathing again.

Ford sits next to Mabel, water dripping from his hair and coat. Stan was standing next to him, looking at Mabel with wide, worried brown eyes, a hand to his chest to calm is pounding heart.

A cough escapes Mabel, her turning to the side and coughing up water and bile. The girl gasps for air, her hand with the hat gripped so tightly going to her chest. Next to her Melody continues to encourage her to keep on coughing until only bile was coming out.

Without missing a beat both Stan and Ford crush Mabel with a hug, overlapping. She grunts with surprise, but gives a small smile nonetheless, seeing her grunkles.

Ford then pulls Mabel to face him. "Why the hell would you do that, Mabel!?" he yells at her, his voice shaking with relief and anger all at the same time.

"You could've drowned!" Stan adds, his tone the same as his brother's. "You can't just jump off the side of the boat! What if you were alone? Or no one noticed you were gone until it was too late?! Not to mention that the ocean is swimming with these demons!"

Weakly, Mabel lifts Dipper's hat. Both the older twins looked between it and her, knowing that she jumped over for it. Ford sighs, putting his fingers to the corners of his eyes and rubbing, a habit both him and Stanley had developed after seeing their father doing it so many times.

"Mabel, sweetie," Stan sympathizes. "Dipper's hat isn't something you should risk your life for!"

"I have to give it to him!" Mabel weakly murmurs, her voice hoarse sounding and it was so soft Ford had to put his ear close to her mouth. "I \_will \_give it to him!" she then passes out, leaning against Ford, her breathing slightly ragged sounding, like she was congested.

But still in her hand was the blue and white pine tree hat.

End  
file.